

The Nation.

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The Week.

ON Wednesday week the Senate began business by receiving the credentials of the new Maryland senator, Mr. Hamilton, and then, after discussing for a while the proposition to assist certain parties in establishing an Americo-European line of steamships, proceeded to the chamber of the House of Representatives, where it was treated in a manner almost or quite unexampled in the history of our national legislation. Mr. Butler's revival of John Randolph's violence was, however, borne with more dignity—so far as we get accounts—than could have been expected of "a co-ordinate branch of the Government" in process of having fists shaken in its face. The more radical senators were in some sympathy with both Mr. Mullins and Mr. Butler as regarded the case of Louisiana and Georgia, but the issue was not fairly and squarely made between them and their opponents, and the Senate's decision as to the counting of the vote of Georgia was based on the concurrent resolution of the two houses. It overbore the decision of the House, thanks to Speaker Colfax's energetic action, which, whether "inspired" into him by some bold member or taken of his own proper motion, was most effective. It seemed to cut Mr. Butler's legs from under him, it sent him to his seat so quickly. But the spectacle presented by Mr. Wade will diminish the regrets at his speedy disappearance from the national councils. On Thursday, Mr. Garret Davis wanted Mr. Butler censured for insolence. That is a business, however, for the Massachusetts Legislature or the House. His letter in reply to a request from the Legislature asking him for heaven's sake, and the sake of the State, and the sake of the unfortunate Fifth District, to resign his seat, would be lively reading. On the same day the bill striking the word "white" out of the city charters of Washington and Georgetown was passed for the third time, and perhaps Mr. Johnson will take this one more chance for a veto. Appropriations and the currency occupied the attention of the Senate for a good deal of the week, and on Monday there was discussion of the question whether or not to pay civil officers in the South who, though unable to take the test oath, were yet employed by the Secretaries and Postmaster-General in 1865, and who were expressly told, in many instances, that the oath would be dispensed with in their case. There can be no doubt that these men ought to be paid for what services they rendered, whatever should be done with the authorities who set aside a law of Congress. On Tuesday, in the Senate, a desperate attempt was made to dispose of Mrs. Lincoln's pension claim, but the Washington markets bill proved too strong for it, and it was laid over. An effort was then made to take up the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office Act, but Mr. Ferry, of Connecticut, again showed that the Washington markets would not bear delay, and this too went over.

Business presses on the House as the session draws near its end, but

it allowed Mr. Butler to take up two or three days with his attack on his friend, Mr. Wade—for whom, by the way, he still entertains great reverence, he says. The votes by which he was defeated in his endeavors to do something with his resolution of censure were very heavily against him. To find Mr. Schenck on Mr. Butler's side is rather surprising; but he is apt to take a notion to bolt once in a while, and is by nature pugnacious, and is usually so nearly right that he may be permitted an occasional escapade. Boutwell, Banks, and Eliot, of the Massachusetts delegation, followed the lead of their filibustering colleague. Mr. Dawes, by the way, is highly praised for his conduct as Speaker *pro tem.*, and Mr. Colfax, taking the floor, spoke as sharply and clearly as he "rules" when in the chair. On Friday, \$190,000, the estimated value of the *Alabama*, was voted as prize-money to Commodore Winslow and the ship's company of the *Kearsarge*, which nobody will begrudge who remembers the morning when the news came of the action between those two now immortal cruisers. On Saturday, Mr. Hooper made an able financial speech. On Monday, the Scannell business came up again, Mr. Brooks reading as a part of his speech a petition from the prisoner intended to be jocose and satirical. Mr. Covode made the point of order that the petition was impudent, and then Mr. Ward made a further point by objecting that the impertinence having been incorporated into Mr. Brooks's speech, he could not be allowed to proceed even if in order, so that sorry joke was brought to a fit end. On Tuesday a bill was passed removing political disabilities from a great many persons in the South. Beyond the passage of this bill no business of importance was transacted.

The Supreme Court has rendered its decision in the case of *Bronson vs. Rodes*, in which it affirms the validity of contracts for the payment of money in "gold and silver coin, lawful money of the United States," made before the war. This of course still leaves open the question in what manner promises made before the passage of the Legal Tender Act, to pay in "lawful money of the United States," should now be redeemed, coin not being specifically mentioned. It has also decided that contracts made since the passage of the act to pay in coin are perfectly legal, so that no legislation on the subject is needed, and contracts of this kind already in existence do not depend on the honor of the parties for their fulfilment, as has been supposed. The court holds that the making greenbacks lawful money of the United States did not make gold and silver coin unlawful. The *Times*, with which we had some controversy on the subject last summer, confesses that "a grievous wrong was committed when the State courts made the enactment of this law [the Legal Tender Act] a reason for invading the sanctity of contracts previously in existence." But the *Times* says elsewhere in the same article: "The Legal Tender Act may have been a necessity of war time, and we expect to see its constitutionality affirmed." If the law were constitutional, however, the State courts could only do as they did, and committed no wrong at all. Moreover, it is not for a State court to pass on the constitutionality of a Federal act. The duty falls to the Federal courts, and we are still of the opinion which we held last summer, though we only give it for what such an opinion is worth, that the Supreme Court will hold the act to be unconstitutional with regard to all contracts which do not plainly contemplate greenbacks as a possible mode of payment, and thus do away with what was "a grievous wrong." We think, moreover, that the decision in the case of *Bronson vs. Rodes* is but the first of a series in which this conclusion will be reached, and that the term "lawful money" used before the passage of the act by contracting parties will be held to mean gold and silver coin, and not greenbacks. The *Times* treated this view of the case as little less than wicked when we first propounded it, but we did not care to protract the controversy.

then, lest we and the *Times* between us should be betrayed in the heat of argument into deciding the case without giving the Supreme Court a chance of saying anything.

General Grant has made a speech in reply to the official announcement of his election, in which he declares that he will not reveal the names of the members of his Cabinet until he sends them in for confirmation to the Senate, and reiterates his determination to regard merit more than aught else in his selection of them. The reason he gives for keeping his secret so long is, that he wishes to save trouble to competitors for the various offices. The principles of his administration are to be "economy, retrenchment, faithful collection of the revenue, and payment of the public debt." There is here no mention of "the main question" or of "the goose"—an omission which cannot, we imagine, have been pleasing to Messrs. Butler, Logan, and Chandler, and the like, and we fear will lead to trouble with those worthies, as well as several other Republican chiefs who care nothing for any of the objects to which Grant attaches so much importance. His mode of choosing the Cabinet, also, is said to be very obnoxious to many politicians, who are reported to be determined to show that a President cannot succeed who begins his administration in that way. We wonder what Messrs. Cameron and Fornéy think about it, and trust they will speak out. A storm is unquestionably brewing, and will break out before next December.

There appears to be a good deal of difficulty, as has been all along anticipated, in getting the Senate to repeal the Tenure-of-Office Act. Senator Edmunds and other very good men have been making desperate efforts to bring up the repealing bill for final action, but somehow other things have thus far appeared more important, the fact being, in the estimation of the world out of doors, that some senators out of secret hostility to and suspicion of Grant, and others from the feeling that the power of preventing men from being removed from office is too good a thing to be lightly given up, are determined to leave the act standing, if they can do so without an open declaration of their sentiments. The senatorial reputation for wisdom has not been rising of late. The Constitutional Amendment, as the Senate has produced it, is worthy of the House as it is on Saturdays, and the performances of Mr. Wade on Wednesday week suggest some curious reflections as to the state of the Senate's mind when they selected that gentleman as the person best fitted to preside over their deliberations in case they should have serious trouble with Andrew Johnson. It appears that he does not possess one of the qualities which were claimed for him when he received that extraordinary honor, and a more striking and painful illustration of the way sensible men allow themselves to be imposed on in exciting times, by noise and uproar, than his selection for his post is not often met with.

Mr. Johnson is closing his term in a cloud of pardons. His last act of grace has been the release of Devlin, a distinguished "whiskey thief," convicted about a year ago in Brooklyn. Many others have experienced similar clemency. For offences against the Post-Office, too, he seems to have the greatest tenderness. The stealing of publishers' money-letters has been very common of late amongst postal employees, but there is little encouragement to prosecute, owing to the way in which the fountain of mercy flows at the White House. Against the assassins of Mr. Lincoln, too, he seems to have ceased to feel any rancor. He has restored the bodies of some of them to their relatives, which is perhaps but reasonable and humane, and he is said to be about to bring Dr. Mudd home from the Dry Tortugas. What makes this worth remarking on, is the unpleasant contrast it offers to the almost ferocious haste and sternness he manifested at the time of the trials. Now that Wilkes Booth's body, too, has been dug up, and delivered to his relatives, one wonders what was gained by the theatrical mystery which was thrown round the place of his burial.

The accounts from Tennessee are all very positive as to Mr. Johnson's intention to run for the governorship immediately, and his success is considered certain, unless the Loyal League, an organization of great size and efficiency, should prove too much for him. He has the

advantage of not having been mixed up in the recent State quarrels and coming back from Washington as the martyr of Southern rights, and his eloquence will doubtless have more force than ever on the cross-roads. It will be a disappointment to many people not to see him returned to the Senate, where he would meet his old enemies face to face, and where he certainly would not indulge in soft defiance with them. In Tennessee his views on the public debt will doubtless also be popular, and the bondholders need look for no quarter from him. When one takes up the old newspaper files of last year, or the reports of the impeachment trial, and reads there what some Radical orators and writers assured us Mr. Johnson would do, or cause or permit to be done, in the way of rape, arson, highway robbery, and treason, in case he were not convicted, one can hardly believe that it was really the personage who is now leaving the White House so peacefully that those sons of thunder had in their eye when they were thus trying to act on our nerves.

The most striking event of the week has been the riotous proceedings at the counting of the electoral vote, arising out of General Butler's objection to the reception of the vote of Georgia. It is due to Congress to say that they took every proper precaution against the occurrence of this scandal. Knowing that there was a difference of opinion about the exact status of Georgia, and that therefore there was a chance of a dispute over the reception of her vote, the question was brought up for settlement a week beforehand, and a concurrent resolution adopted by way of compromise, under which the vote of the State was to be counted, but was not to be allowed to affect the result; a condition of no great practical consequence, as it was well known it could not affect the result in any case. There was, therefore, ample opportunity afforded to everybody of saying whatever he wished to say upon the matter, and of recording his vote upon it, and it was finally settled in the only way in which it could be settled under any circumstances, or at any time, by a resolution of both Houses. Consequently it was not possible on the day of counting to raise any objections to the reception of the Georgia vote which had not been already raised, or have them passed upon by any body or tribunal which had not already passed upon them. So that the resuscitation of the question by General Butler was, it is fair to conclude, due to the love of disorder which seems to be rooted in his nature. Bringing it up at all was an unnecessary interruption; bringing it up as he did, with loud yells, rolled-up sleeves, and threatening looks and gestures, and all the usual preliminaries of a riot amongst Sixth Ward roughs, on what is, except the inauguration, the most solemn of American political ceremonies, was of course a piece of unmitigated ruffianism, for which, if his constituents were like other people, he would be at once called to account.

He has now been in Congress nearly three years and he has not yet given the smallest aid to rational legislation. All his energies have been devoted to schemes of personal annoyance of enemies or plans for the creation of tumult and disorder in some branch of the Government. He revelled in the impeachment; he revelled in the corruption enquiry, and in the squabbles with S. m Ward and Sheridan Shook; in the crusade against the tax bill, and in the attempt to tax the bondholders. Re-elected by a large majority, on the assurance that he had abandoned his financial heresies, his first work was to prepare a pamphlet in favor of irredeemable paper, and denunciation of gold and silver coin, and read it to the House as "a speech," at a moment when the honest men of all parties were cudgelling their brains to discover the best and quickest mode of returning to specie payments, and when the utmost discretion on the part of legislators was needed to restore confidence in the public credit. This falling flat, he devoted himself to getting up a riot on the most public occasion possible, so that his own notoriety, and the national disgrace which is the result of his notoriety, might receive their final touches. Those readers of Congressional proceedings who remember that he and Mr. Wade are the two men whom the conviction of Mr. Johnson, on his impeachment, would have raised to power and influence, and charged with the conduct of affairs during a most difficult crisis, must have experienced some strange sensations last Thursday morning. The squabble between him-

self and Mr. Bingham over the rhetoric of the latter was a fitting close, too, to the mutual beslaving which went on between them last February, when they were both beating their tom-toms against "the greatest criminal of the age."

The *Boston Advertiser* has been dealing very severely and sarcastically with General Butler's admirers and supporters since his performances last week, and insinuates that they are now ashamed of him. But we think it does them injustice. Not one of them, from Senator Sumner down, has, so far as we know, ever ventured to assert, in a private room, that he thought General Butler a good man, or a proper representative of an intelligent, Christian constituency, or a man whose career he would like his son to imitate. They reserved their eulogies of him for the stump, where blather and evasion would pass without criticism or contradiction, and what they said there was not that he would not prove a stumbling-block in the way of honest legislation, or an injury to the public credit, or a scandal to free government, but that "the Copperheads hated him," and that he was "sound on the main question." Now, these two propositions are still true of him, and therefore we do not see that his admirers are likely to hang their heads in view of his last exploit. Men who were not ashamed of the code of morality which they concocted last fall to justify their voting for him, are hardly likely to blush over his excesses, even if he were to knock the President of the Senate out of his curule chair. He owes his position, however, less to the support of those who really think well of him than to the cowardice of those who know him and distrust him, and have shrunk from doing their duty by him. We observe, by-the-by, that in trying to wriggle out of his scrape in the House, he declared that "there was no man who had greater love, greater respect, or greater veneration for old Ben Wade than he had." In the same debate, General Logan pronounced Ben Wade "the great living monument of this great age." The public will now be curious to hear Ben Wade's opinion of Ben Butler and Jim Logan.

The Spanish Constituent Cortes has met, and is now busy in organizing for work, the first thing in order being, of course, the selection of a monarch; that the Government is to be a monarchy being, apparently, a foregone conclusion. The person now most talked of is the Duke de Montpensier, the Duke d'Aosta having dropped out of sight. The religious question, which was pronounced, after the success of the revolution, the one likely to give least trouble, is now thought likely to cause most, owing to the assassination of the civil governor of Burgos and the unexpected spirit of resistance which is showing itself among the clergy. The governor was stabbed to death by the crowd which collected round the cathedral in which he was about to make an inventory of the plate and jewellery; the attack, the police say, having been instigated by the archbishop and the clergy, who have been accordingly arrested. The news caused a violent demonstration in Madrid against the Papal nuncio, who was obliged for some days to lie hid, but the rest of the diplomatic corps made common cause with him, and threatened to leave if he was harmed. The Pope has given the priests the cue by refusing to receive the new Spanish ambassador at Rome, and the clergy throughout the country are fiercely denouncing civil marriages, which have been recently authorized, as concubinage, and are threatening a total suspension of religious offices, which would, it is feared, fall as heavily on the peasantry as an interdict in the middle ages, the Spanish peasant looking on regular mass as a necessity. One small Protestant church, the first, has been opened in Madrid, and is crowded. The minister is an able and moderate man, and uses a liturgy which is, in a large part, a translation of that of the Anglican Church. The clerical journals have, however, begun to threaten the demolition of all Protestant "temples." One of the most curious incidents of the crisis is a threat on the part of the Provisional Government to demand the ex-King, and Father Claret, the ex-Queen's confessor, from the French Government, under the extradition treaty, for having carried off a large quantity of church plate and other valuables. A new adviser of the Spanish people has appeared in the field in the person of that wise and moderate Genevan radical, M. James Fazy, whose performances in that ancient burgh have, during the last twen-

ty years, attracted so much attention. He is of opinion that the best thing for Spain to do is to set up a federal republic like that of Switzerland. It is quite clear, however, that the *first* thing for Spain to do is to offer seats in the Constituent Cortes to all the "earnest radicals" of the civilized world, who think they know better what is good for the Spaniards than the Spaniards know themselves.

By the way, in talking last week of Mr. Hale's troubles at Madrid we, in what we must acknowledge to have been a somewhat muddle-headed manner, substituted in various places the name "Bliss" for the name "Perry," thus robbing Mr. Perry of some of his glory, and, as one correspondent suggests, casting an imputation on Mr. Bliss of the Legation at Berlin. Mr. Bliss, however, will hardly be troubled by the bad opinion of anybody who did not detect our mistake.

The other foreign news is unimportant. In England, the case of Overend, Gurney & Co. occupies the larger share of public attention, the defendants having been committed for trial, with a fair chance of its resulting as painfully as the case of Sir John Dean Paul and his confederates in 1856. Gigantic frauds, by persons of the highest social and commercial position, have, in fact, during the last ten years, been alarmingly frequent in England. During that period, one member of Parliament has committed suicide to avoid exposure; another has been sentenced to penal servitude, and two banking-houses of the highest standing have been in the criminal courts—and all on charges of swindling or embezzling. The Overend-Gurney case is, as a social phenomenon, made all the more serious by the appearance in the case, as a self-convicted cheat and humbug, of the official assignee of the Court of Bankruptcy, an officer in whose hands enormous amounts of property vest every year. It appeared on his own evidence that he was in the habit, while acting as agent of the Gurneys for the examination of the affairs of persons to whom they were making heavy advances, of taking bribes from the borrowers, and finally used the knowledge he had acquired of the desperate condition of the Gurney affairs to extract a douceur of one hundred thousand dollars from the firm. He was near being mobbed on leaving the court-room. Parliament has been opened by a Queen's speech, read by the Lord Chancellor; but it, as usual, indicates nothing except the nature of the subjects which will probably be brought forward by the Ministry.

The Greek question has been settled for the present by the King's finding a ministry ready to sign the protocol of the Paris conference. As we said last week, it is a perfectly harmless document, and binds nobody to anything. It inflicts on Greece a censure by implication, but a very slight one, and it has rendered the Bulgarians ministry an essential service by enabling them to get out of the Cretan scrape with the air of martyrs. Moreover, it does the Cretans no harm, because their struggle was over before the conference began its sittings. The evil of it is that the Greeks have probably learned nothing from it, and will keep on disgusting Europe by their rant, instead of winning its respect by the spectacle of order and good government. Whenever the day comes that travellers can journey through the interior of Greece with as much safety as through Switzerland or even Turkey in Europe, we shall see a revival of Philhellenism, and a fair chance of the Greeks succeeding the Turks. But there is something preposterous in the anxiety of the former to administer the affairs of the whole Ottoman Empire, when they do not pay the principal or interest of their debts; or, admitting this to be excusable, when a stranger cannot ride ten miles into the interior from Athens without an escort of cavalry to save him from being robbed or murdered, or both, on the high road. It is doubly preposterous when one remembers that a foreigner may ride alone from Belgrade to Constantinople in perfect safety, and find himself along the whole route in the midst of a Christian population which, in all outward marks of comfort and prosperity, stands higher than any peasantry in Europe, except the Swiss and Austrian. Little is known of Greece, but whose fault is it? Into what country in the world would travellers pour with greater delight if they could do it with safety to their throats or purses, or if the Athenians gave more time to road-making and farming and policing, and less to newspaper articles and stump speeches?

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

The Suffrage Amendment as it passed the House was in these words: "The right of any citizen of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or any State, by reason of race or color, or previous condition of slavery, of any citizen, or class of citizens, of the United States." But the Senate Amendment is in, these words: "No discriminations shall be made in the United States, among the citizens of the United States, in the exercise of the elective franchise or in the right to hold office in any State, on account of race, color, nativity, education, or creed." In other words, the Senate proposes to the legislatures of the various States a much more radical measure than that of the House, intended to prevent the possibility of oppression for which a way might be opened by restrictions based on education, origin, or religion. The differences between the two Houses will have to be reconciled by a committee of conference, and of what conclusions that committee will come to no one can be said to have the least idea, for the present result of the long discussion of Congress on the subject seems to be that all the propositions have about an even chance of adoption, and that no one can say what may turn up enacted at the end. The Amendment is an attempt to restrain (or rather to eradicate) the passions of a dominant and hostile race, not by punishment, not by the effect of terror, but by a simply declaratory resolution. We say declaratory, because although the power be given to Congress to enforce it by appropriate legislation, the legislation will always be difficult of execution, and therefore inefficient.

It is very true that the idea of the extreme members of the Republican party is, that until the negro is educated to that point at which he can compete evenly with the white he is to be protected by such legislation as may from time to time prove necessary; that this new article, for example, will enable the North to deal summarily with any State which violates its provisions; that States may be excluded under it from representation, as the Senate Committee now proposes, even without its aid, to exclude Georgia; that Mr. Sumner's motto, "Anything for human rights," will clear the way of a good deal of difficulty, and what little may be left will disappear very rapidly before the broad light of such minds as those of Messrs. Butler, Logan, and Wade. This method of dealing with the South is that which one section of the Republican party has long advocated, the policy of extending the arm of the Government over the black until he was quite able to hold his own. It was in fact a system of "protection" applied to man, such as we have been accustomed to apply to manufactures, its principle being, Government support in the "struggle for existence" as long as needed. The Georgia Committee's report offers an excellent example of this theory of the duties of Congress, a theory to which our chief objection is that it is impracticable. It might, perhaps, be an excellent thing, if, while an inferior race was slowly improving its morality and intelligence, some impartial agency could come between it and oppression, could avert evil and cherish good influences, could, by gradually educating, perform that office for its subject which a parent performs for its child. And particularly would such a course be advantageous where the government was, as in our case, in great measure itself responsible for the existence of the subject class. While the tutelage continued, the world would have the admirable spectacle afforded it of a government engaged in an effort purely moral, and at the end of it would have a result which would certainly justify its attempt.

But the trouble is that such a thing has never yet been done, and, as far as we can see, is just as impossible in America to-day as it would have been in Sparta two thousand years ago, though for different reasons. In Sparta it would have been impossible, because if it had occurred to any one to suggest it, the Spartans would have treated him either as a lunatic or criminal. In America it is impossible, because, in the first place, the *laissez-faire* system has been so long and so successfully worked with our own race that no considerable number of them can be induced to think of any other, except as the merest temporary shift. Any American, or any Englishman, at heart believes that a man who cannot make his way in the world without assistance from rulers is, and must be, a contemptible fellow, and if he is a negro will begin to call him "nigger," and prove the contempt in which they hold him by cheating him; if they get a chance, by enslaving

him. They resent any interference with this natural chain of cause and effect as an interference with their liberty. The hardest charge, perhaps, against which the Republican party has had to struggle in its administration of affairs since the war, has been that which was founded on the military occupation of the South after the rebels had laid down their arms.

Another reason why a long-continued protection of the negro is impossible is that you cannot concentrate public attention on the matter for any great length of time. It may be said that is not necessary, inasmuch as the negro has now the ballot and the right to be elected to office. But although neither race, nor color, nor religion, nor education, nor nativity could any longer give ground for depriving him of his rights, are we to suppose that those five guarantees would prevent the clever white politicians of the South from finding ways in which to reach their ends? We need only look at Georgia. There, in the face of a law granting the negroes suffrage, every negro member of the legislature has been turned out of his seat, and no remedy has been discovered at Washington except an unlawful abrogation of the very statute under which these members were elected. We may be sure that for a very considerable length of time the Southern whites will find means by which to override any restriction we may impose upon their love of domination. No amendment can exclude the possibility of intimidation such as that which lately rendered the black vote useless in Louisiana. Cases like these will be occurring continually, and unless public attention can be riveted upon the negro question during the next century, we do not see any way in which political outrage of that sort is to be hindered by protection. You must certainly be vigilant in order to know when to protect and where to protect, when to pass a law and when to repeal one, when to cry "Anything for human negro rights!" and when to cry "Nothing for human plantation rights!" If eternal vigilance is the price of liberty for yourself, what sort of watchfulness must be that which is to preserve the freedom of your somewhat sleepy neighbor? Now this continuous vigilance is an impossibility. The negro question can only be kept alive until the States are all in the Union, and then other matters will absorb the attention of individuals, and, what is more, of parties. The public can only be interested in a very small number of subjects at once, and the next twenty years will certainly crowd subjects upon it. Free-trade and protection, civil service reform, municipal reform, taxation, finance, and foreign relations form the tangled web which is to be the business of the next generation, as negro slavery has been that of the last. The moment is fast coming when the negro will disappear from the stage of national politics. The last thing we can do for him is to pass the Fifteenth Amendment and establish on paper the principle that his right to vote shall not be taken away from him by State restrictions, and that neither an aristocracy of color, nor of race, nor of property shall enslave him. In fact, the only way open to us of guarding the negro against encroachment was through military occupation, and perhaps, looking at the matter from a speculative point of view, the most serious mistake we have made has been in refusing to retain armed possession of the South until proofs of a radical change of political feeling were given. But only great statesmanship could have accomplished that in the face of all party cries that were raised over it, and statesmanship was not at our command. There is a feeling implanted in the breasts of people long accustomed as ours have been to self-government which makes military rule odious even when military rule is necessary, and that feeling carried the day and hurried the reconstruction acts upon us before we were prepared for them. It is too late to take another course now; the ballot is all that is left to us.

But the ballot is no panacea for political ills. It has been proved as well as anything can be proved in politics that a whole class or a whole race may be enfranchised, and yet injustice and oppression remain in force as before. The French have voted for half a century, and yet their suffrages are cleverly manipulated in the interests of a despotism at every election. A large class in England was enfranchised by the law of last year, and yet we hear complaints every day that the new voters have not learned the extent of their powers, and that they vote against their ultimate advantage in support of wealthy candidates who seek

an entrance to Parliament to represent not their constituents, but their own class; and that the voters do this in the teeth of the most active attempts to persuade them to the adoption of a more far-sighted policy, is undeniable. In Jamaica the negro himself has long had the right to vote and to hold office, but events which occurred in that island not very long since might teach any one who needed the teaching that the right was *of itself* of little value to them. But, slight protection as the ballot affords the freedman, it is the only protection in our power to give, and we have always maintained that such value as it might yield was justly his. But we repeat that very little good will come to him from laws or constitutional amendments unless supplemented by what in other cases has given newly-enfranchised classes influence among the communities which gave them the suffrage. What makes the German and Irish emigrant a dreaded if not a respected member of society in America? It is certainly not the ballot, but the fact that he uses the ballot intelligently as a weapon against all who would trifle with his liberties. He educates himself; he earns wages and saves them; he makes bargains which conduce to his own benefit as much as to that of the other party; he is honest and does not get into jail; he is sober and thrifty. When he is not, he immediately loses his rights. In this city the Irishman has no rights which his governors are bound to respect, and this merely for the reason that he is ignorant, and neither industrious, sober, nor thrifty. The politicians whom the ballot gives him, whom he himself elects, grind him to poverty by taxation and wax fat over his misery, and the more they batten on him, the more he adheres to them. The ballot does not protect him, but the semblance of power which it gives makes him facile in the hands of his oppressors. If the negro will work and earn money, if he will put it away in banks and not squander it in riotous living, if he learns to make as sharp a bargain as his white neighbor, then the ballot will be of some use to him, but not otherwise. Every deposit in a savings-bank is worth ten votes to him. His color will be forgotten as soon as he is "respectable," and to be "respectable" in modern times means to exhibit the faculty of acquiring independent wealth. He must find some means of making his Southern fellow-citizens look upon him as an equal, and this he will never do by merely being able to produce a copy of the Constitution of the United States and refer the usurper to the Fifteenth Amendment.

EDUCATIONAL TESTS.

THE prohibition of educational tests, which the Senate has added to the amendment, deserves separate consideration, because it forms the one obnoxious feature of the measure. In the first place, it is an attempt to protect the negro from a purely imaginary danger. As long as distinctions on account of race or color are forbidden, no educational test can be imposed at present at the South which would exclude, if not quite as many whites as blacks from the franchise, at least enough whites to make it impossible for any such test to be enforced, even if any political party were bold enough to attempt its enforcement. As far as this matter is concerned, the protection of the interests of the ignorant negroes may be fairly left to the ignorant Caucasians. No degree of acquirement can be exacted of the one which is not exacted of the other, and we should like to know where the planters, or any other class at the South, are going to find the force to keep the whites from voting on election day because they have no "book larnin'." In fact, the one thing which even the wildest and most visionary of Southern politicians, accustomed as they have been to the maddest speculation in government and social organization, have always acknowledged to be impossible, is the taking away of the franchise from any white man now in possession of it on any pretext whatever. If it be said that an educational test might be set up which would be applied loosely to white men and strictly to blacks, we reply that from injustice of this kind no laws can protect any class of the community. Negroes might be cheated in the same way in the enforcement of a registry law, and they may be driven from the polls by intimidation, though no qualification is exacted of them, as decent men were in so many cases in this city last November; or they might be cheated, and probably will be, in the counting of the ballots. In short, what real protection from cheat-

ing, after all, does any of us enjoy, in any walk of life, except our own shrewdness and intelligence? There was and is an educational qualification required in Connecticut, but in towns in which the selectmen were Democrats a man who did not know his alphabet could pass it without difficulty, while in others a voter had to be a fluent reader.

In the next place, neither our experience of aristocracy nor of caste, at the South or anywhere else, warrants us in expecting the Southern whites to attempt the imposition of an educational test. This is the one test from which aristocracies invariably shrink, and have never resorted to. The tests they love are those of race and property, and occasionally creed. Property they believe in, and blood they believe in; but in mere reading, writing, and ciphering they do not believe. Whenever they have for any reason found it desirable to abolish property and race qualifications for voting, and have had to swallow universal suffrage, or anything approaching to it, they have invariably shown a strong dislike to educating the voter. By keeping him ignorant they keep him poor, degraded, and easily managed, and yet get the use of his vote for themselves, without the trouble of arguing with him or convincing him. Universal suffrage without education is notoriously the very best basis in existence for absolute or aristocratic rule, because by making people believe they are sharing in the government, and that the court or council which regulates their lives and spends their money is the product of their votes, it prevents discontent, and makes exactions of all sorts safe. An educational test, on the contrary, would, in the first place, excite a good deal of dissatisfaction amongst those whom it shut out; and, in the second place, would furnish a powerful stimulus to the malcontents to get enough knowledge to meet it; and, having got it, and made their way through the barrier, they would arrive on the political stage both with their feelings hurt and their wits sharpened, and with the idea firmly implanted in them that knowledge ought to rule—an idea which, once it takes hold of a community, makes caste impossible, and distinctions based on color or creed ridiculous. In fact, the establishment of an educational test at the South would be the virtual surrender by the Caucasians of the theory to which they so fondly cling, and which is the source of all their troubles—that the negroes are an intellectually inferior race. There is no test they can possibly prescribe for voters which negroes would not meet, after a while, with greater readiness than white men, for we believe it is admitted that negroes mount the first steps on the ladder of knowledge more readily than whites, though their comparative ability to reach the highest heights, in as great numbers, is a matter of dispute; and it would be difficult to conceive of a spectacle better calculated to damage the claims of the Japhet family to perpetual ascendancy than their daily defeat by the tribe of Ham in the acquisition of the rudiments of learning.

Our last objection is one of which probably all of our readers may not see the practical force, but those of them who believe, as we do, that all legislation, and even all administration has more or less of an educational influence, and that one effect of the formal adhesion of a government to a principle, no matter how false, is to spread and perpetuate a belief in its soundness, will agree with us in considering this objection the strongest of all. A good illustration of our meaning is furnished by the history of the "spoils" theory of the nature of the public service. Fifty years ago everybody in the United States believed that government offices ought to be filled as places in a bank or counting-house are filled—by persons possessing certain moral or intellectual qualifications for them, and that such persons should be furnished with inducements to do their work well in the shape of sufficient pay and tenure during good behavior. In fact, we suppose that the notion that any other rule of selection could, would, or should be applied to the public service never entered any one's head. But in an evil day the Government itself abandoned the rule and began to use the public offices simply as means of rewarding party services, and the result is that, after thirty years of familiarity with the practice, we find the opinion widely diffused that any other use of the public offices, or any other mode of filling them, would endanger free institutions on this continent or make party government impossible.

Now, we would look on the insertion in the Constitutional Amendment of an article forbidding States, no matter what their experience

or necessities hereafter, to exact any evidence of education from voters, even the knowledge of the letters on the ballot, and actually abolishing the intelligence test, where, as in Massachusetts, it is in successful operation, and the ratification of such an amendment by the States, as a solemn affirmation of the pestilent doctrine which during the last ten years has been gaining daily strength, that no man can be too ignorant to vote, and which during the last five years has given birth to another, which is if possible worse, that no man can be too ignorant to legislate. The necessity which Southern folly and fanaticism have forced on Northern politicians and philanthropists ever since the outbreak of the war, of defending the rights of the negro to citizenship by every weapon within their reach, has, of course, produced a prodigious amount of exaggeration. It has been so necessary to heighten the value of man, even in his lowest state, that humanitarian orators and writers have got into a way of throwing doubt on the political value of all education and culture, and from insinuating have come gradually to asserting broadly that the most ignorant negro knows just as well which way it will be for his interest to vote as the best educated white man. This has naturally and logically led to the ostentatious exaltation of ignorant and violent legislators, men who make a boast of their ignorance and their freedom from all training, and to the jealous relegation to the background of politicians who profess to treat politics as a science and legislation as an art, or who confess their obligation to schools, colleges, and law courts and drawing-rooms, to the experience of the human race and the dicta of cultivated reason. In fact, during the last three or four years it has seemed sometimes as if, in the hands of some people, the pro-negro agitation would resolve itself finally into a crusade against civilization itself; and all this in the teeth of the illustrations which every State and every city in the Union furnishes, that in proportion to the ignorance of the voters are the ignorance and corruption of its legislators, and in proportion to the ignorance and corruption of legislators are the weight of taxation, the failure of justice, the power of money, the degradation and oppression of the poor.

Of these detestable doctrines, a constitutional amendment prohibiting educational tests would be the crown and consummation. It would, if it did nothing else, help to strengthen the impression already too common amongst the millions of new-comers from the Old World, as well as amongst native imbeciles, that education is simply a device of the wealthy for the vexation of the poor, and that for political purposes its advantages are a delusion. We have seen the same charge brought in Congress by "a man of the people" against what is even more necessary to the poor than education—gold and silver coin. After this there is nothing improbable in the supposition that we shall yet see schools and colleges denounced by philanthropic War-Horses, who have got their learning in odd hours by the light of pine-knots, as feudal inventions for the humiliation and annoyance of the hardy sons of toil, and the funds of which ought to be spent in supplying honest laborers with "capital" or farms. Some of the possible consequences of the educational clause are so absurd as to give countenance to the story which is afloat, that it was inserted for the express purpose of having the amendment defeated. That clause would prevent any State from exacting from a judge or attorney any knowledge of law; from the warden of a State prison, a policeman, or a sheriff, a knowledge of reading and writing; from the doctor of a State lunatic asylum or hospital any knowledge of medicine; from a State engineer any knowledge of mathematics, and so on.

FRENCH POLITICS.

ONE useful result of the thoroughness of the arrangements made by the Imperial Government in France for the preservation of its own existence, as far as the use of force can do it, is that it is furnishing the French with a training in constitutional agitation such as they have never had, or have only had during very short periods. It is now nearly eighty years since the Revolution, and during the whole of that time they have not had one experience of the possibility of accomplishing a political reform through persistent organization of public opinion and persistent appeals to it, or, in other words, through persistent talk. What they obtained under Louis Philippe's charter was

the result of three days' fighting. When the nation outgrew the charter and began to clamor for a loosening of its bonds, it got what it sought in the same way by another insurrection. So that the French public really knows nothing of the power of public opinion, when exerted through free debate, except what it learns from the history of other countries. Louis Napoleon is, therefore, by permitting any debate at all, and by making an appeal to arms hopeless, really supplying Frenchmen with an amount of political training such as they have never received under any other régime, and if he were only a little wiser and bolder, and were likely to live longer, might prove, in spite of his bad antecedents or bad intentions, the best friend France has ever had.

His defect is that he is, in spite of his prodigious material force, over-timid. The concessions of January, 1867, loosened men's tongues, but the Government has ever since been struggling fiercely to prevent their wagging, and, in doing so, has of course produced greater irritation and a stronger impression of its own feebleness than if it had never removed the gag. For instance, the press has been recently released from the arbitrary control of the Minister of the Interior, to which it was subjected after the *coup d'état*. He can no longer suppress a newspaper and ruin its proprietors after three "warnings." All press offences now have to be regularly tried before the courts; but this concession, though a great one, has been rendered positively injurious to the Government by confining the jurisdiction of these offences to the inferior courts, and making them triable, without juries, by young judges dependent on the Government for their promotion, and therefore constantly exposed to the suspicion, at least, of servility. The concession has, of course, set the press talking as it has not talked before in eighteen years, and prosecutions are incessant all over France, and the trials are attended with so much *éclat* that writers rather court them. The fines are compensated for by the increased circulation of the newspaper, the imprisonment by the increased popularity or notoriety of the editor, and, what is worse than all, the judges are every day presented to the public as the corrupt instruments of power. The offences selected for prosecution, too, are such as might properly enough have been made subjects of arbitrary punishment by ministerial edict, but which are trivial when considered as subjects for judicial enquiry. The cause of this mistake is to be found in the character of the men with whom the Emperor has unavoidably surrounded himself. His confederates in the *coup d'état*, the Persignys, Fleury, Mornys, were men who detested the press and would willingly have extinguished it altogether. Their successors are men who have been trained in the régime of repression, and are, therefore, utterly unfit to work any other. Men with the real political sense which is needed to work a constitutional machine, exposed to public criticism, have not rallied to the Empire and are not doing so, and the attempt to put the liberal system in force with the old instruments may be pronounced a failure thus far. M. Pinard, for instance, who rose into favor through the impression produced on the empress by his Catholic piety, had so little discretion as to treat some small sentimental attempts to honor Baudin's memory as state offences, and finally got the whole garrison of Paris under arms to provide for the possible results of a funeral oration at his tomb. At this point the ridiculous was reached, and the minister was dismissed; but the mischief was done.

One of his colleagues, M. Baroche, the Garde des Sceaux, an officer who occupies—judicial functions apart—a position toward the legal officers of the Government which may best be described by saying that it is a compound of that of the Lord Chancellor in England and of the Attorney-General in this country—has been displaying the same want of tact in his treatment of the crown counsel engaged in the prosecution of press offences. It has been such that he has in a measure driven the "parquet"—that is, the whole body of prosecuting officers—into the arms of the opposition, and done more to give weight to opposition harangues and articles than could have been done in any other way, merely through his excessive anxiety to secure convictions. No number of acquittals could damage the Government as Baron Séguier's resignation, of which we have already spoken, has done; and the sting of it is aggravated by his openly appealing to the newspapers and the public in justification of his conduct. It would be difficult to

give anybody not familiar with the reverence of Frenchmen—and, above all, Frenchmen of Baron Séguier's rank—for official *convenances* an adequate idea of the political gravity of such an occurrence as his resignation, and his writing an account of the causes of it to the newspapers. Even such a sober journal as the *Revue des Deux Mondes* treats it as "the gravest of all recent incidents," and "a symptom, and a very curious symptom, of the existing situation." It means, in fact, that the opposition is not factious, and is not confined to professional agitators or grievance-mongers, or to speculative observers or politicians.

The few defeats sustained by the Government in the country elections have not been followed up with such rapidity as to warrant the assertion that it has lost, or is in any *immediate* danger of losing, its hold on the country population, but its majorities are everywhere diminishing, and in an increasing number of departments it has begun to regard the elections with anxiety. This state of things in the provinces is now said to be bringing about what will certainly be the most striking phenomenon witnessed in French political life within the present century, namely, the reappearance in politics of the Legitimist gentry. There is said to be a great demand everywhere, not for opposition candidates, properly so called, but for "independent candidates"—that is, men not suspected of republican or Orleanist tendencies, but men who are not nominated by, and will not be dictated to by, the préfets. To meet this a large number of the prominent men of the old noblesse, who for forty years have not touched politics, are said to be about to take the field for election to the Corps Législatif. Many of them are men of enormous wealth, owners of great estates, and in possession of great social influence, who would have little difficulty in making their way in politics if they chose; and certainly their appearance on the scene, even if they professed to belong to no existing party, would be a powerful reinforcement to the opposition.

The public meetings in Paris have become considerably worse. They are held daily, and are mainly attended by socialists, and the proceedings consist principally of denunciations of property and marriage, and advocacy of the holding of all things, husbands and wives included, in common. Attempts have been made by moderate men to get a hearing in defence of the existing institutions, but they are cried down, and even threatened with personal violence. Anybody who says a word before the audience on behalf of the present bases of civil society is treated as an enemy of the poor man and an abettor of the selfish bourgeoisie, just as here anybody who, like the clergyman in Massachusetts the other day, attempts, on a temperance platform, to throw doubts on the efficacy of coercion, is treated as a friend of drunkenness, if not silenced altogether. There are signs, however, that the Government in France is going to commit—under the instigation of men who ought to know better—the unpardonable folly of prohibiting the meetings. Experience in all countries has clearly shown that, when the discovery is made that revolting folly and ignorance prevail in any stratum of society, the very best remedy is to give the fools and ignoramus every possible facility for laying their theories before the world. These theories are never dangerous except when they are preached to small circles of dupes in dark workshops and bar-rooms. Produced on a "free platform," the common sense of the community and the artillery of the press have free play upon them, even if "the freedom" of the platform be, as it often is, only a name; and these no form of human delusion has long withstood. Nothing is more certain than that modern society, on the whole, runs no risk of retrograding; and to human reason and human experience the work of directing its progress and removing the obstacles in its way may safely be left everywhere. A donkey, though you stop his braying, remains none the less a donkey. In fact, by doing so and condemning him to obscurity, you only facilitate his passing himself off as a horse or a zebra.

THE HIGH PRICES.

THE *World* of last Saturday describes an article in last week's *Nation* as a "tissue of absurdities," or as the *Tribune* would say "branded lies," without basing this criticism upon anything beyond our statements of facts, several of which the *World* very emphatically denies. We do not pretend to lay before our readers accurate tables of statistics, but we do pretend to base our statements upon

a correct knowledge of general facts. How far the former bear us out on this occasion, we must leave our readers to judge.

At the time we wrote only the figures of four weeks' shipments of wheat since January 1 had been published, showing the insignificant export of only 360,000 bushels, or at the rate of 90,000 bushels per week. Considering that the receipts at the principal Lake ports during this period were over 2,100,000 bushels, that the stock in New York was over 3,000,000 bushels, and in Chicago and Milwaukee alone nearly 3,000,000 bushels more, or together about two-thirds larger than last year, and nearly three times as large as in 1867, the export of 360,000 bushels in four weeks is certainly "no export at all." It is quite true that while our article was in press—its publication was unavoidably delayed for a week—a marked revival of exports took place, amounting in ten days to more than double the total export of the preceding four weeks, and swelling the 360,000 bushels suddenly to over 1,000,000—as the *World* triumphantly states. But the very fact that the shipments could so suddenly increase to that extent shows how light they were before. And we certainly could not accurately state what had not yet happened when we wrote.

The *World* also takes exception to our reference to the prices of breadstuffs. As far back as June superfine flour sold in New York at \$6 75 to \$7 50, and spring wheat at \$1 95 to \$2 18. Since then the prices have only fallen to \$6 to \$6 50 for flour, and to \$1 48 to \$1 70 for wheat, in spite of the excellent condition and great abundance of the harvests. That the slightness of the decline is due to speculative holding is amply proved by the large accumulations, and is besides a matter of such unquestioned notoriety as scarcely to need proof.

Petroleum has advanced from twenty cents to twenty-seven cents per gallon in less than six weeks, in spite of increased production, and mainly upon a speculative combination among leading foreign and domestic houses. Up to the fourth week in January the exports were less than one-half of what they were last year, and the increase in the exports of which the *World* speaks has taken place since, mainly for account, and for the convenience of the very combination referred to.

Our statements in regard to cotton are equally borne out by the commercial statistics. At this time last year middling New Orleans cotton was selling at twenty cents, and a few weeks before had sold as low as sixteen cents, whereas the price now is thirty to thirty-one cents. The export from all the ports for the week ending January 30, this year, was 21,000 bales against 64,000 bales for the same week last year, and for the week ending February 6, also, 21,000 bales, against 62,000 for the same week in 1868. One week there was not a single bale shipped from New Orleans to England, and another week not a single bale shipped anywhere from either Charleston or Savannah. Surely we did not exaggerate much in saying that there was no trade in cotton. In fact, the very increase in the export of breadstuffs, which is the most striking though mistaken charge of the *World* against us, was largely due to the almost total stoppage of cotton shipments and the consequent decline in freights.

Have the events of the last few days satisfied the *World* that there is a great deal of speculation going on in all the markets?

THE EDITORIAL TYPE.

It is constantly said that the wide diffusion of newspapers and other cheap periodical literature is essentially modifying human character, and that we shall have in after generations a new type of man, as different from the slow-acting, slow-thinking, on the whole contented and not overcurious man handed down to us by the Middle Ages, as the mediæval man was from the Greek or Roman citizen. The effect, actual and probable, of the diffusion of this literature, too, on education and culture of all kinds, on scientific investigation, and on morals, is a constant subject of speculation. It is somewhat strange, therefore, that so little attention has been paid to the rapid growth and increasing distinctiveness of the profession by which this literature is created. It is, to be sure, of comparatively recent origin—the only one, indeed, which can, strictly speaking, be called modern. It is true, also, that its claims to be called a profession at all are yet hardly admitted. It is only very recently, and in fact as yet only in this country and in France, that men who write for and edit newspapers are willing to call themselves journalists and admit journalism to be their only and regular profession. In England most of those who follow the

calling either do so as a stepping-stone to something else, or as a supplement to something else, or else under cover of something else, in deference to the popular belief that a man cannot make a steady livelihood by it, or that if he can it does not call forth all his powers or his best powers, and that, therefore, a high-minded or ambitious man ought not to sit down to it contentedly as the work of his life. The London journalist usually calls himself a "barrister-at-law," even though he has relinquished all hope or never entertained any hope of holding a brief—one of those small social shams the success of which, considering the intense horror of Englishmen for the lighter sorts of humbug, is amongst the most amusing phenomena of English society. In France the almost complete exclusion of the aristocracy from all share in the government wrought by the Revolution, combined with the profound respect of the French for talent apart from wealth or social position, opened in 1815 a career to newspaper men which led rapidly to the highest official positions and elevated the calling at once into the rank of a recognized profession; and a recognized, in a certain sense an honored, one it continues to be in spite of the suspicion with which it is regarded by the Imperial régime, and in spite of the despicable character of the men who there, as in all countries, fill its lower ranks. Here it has shared the happy fate of all honest callings: that is, its respectability, like the selling of soap or the peddling of apple-peelers, depends not on its nature but on the manner in which it is pursued, and a man is an editor and calls himself so as naturally and properly as he calls himself a doctor or a farmer. Even in England, however, the profession is getting able to stand alone. Of late years the rapid growth of the demand for periodical literature and the crowding of the ranks of the bar, and the diminishing possibilities of colonial life, have drawn into it a large number of men of better education and higher character than those who formerly filled it, and it has risen into the rank of a career which a sensible and enterprising man may deliberately embrace.

Journalism has in all these countries, however, been a distinct calling for a sufficiently long period to make the mental and moral peculiarities of its members not only recognizable but worthy of investigation at the hands of the social philosopher; but somehow the work has never been done. The legal type of character and the ministerial and medical types of character are well known and have often been analyzed and described. The effect of sifting and classifying facts, of arguing from analogy, of defending all sorts of causes, on the lawyer's mind has been often treated; so has the effect of didactic oratory and complete exemption from criticism on the clergyman's mind; and so has that of the constant struggle to extract laws under trying circumstances from singularly obscure and uncontrollable phenomena, on the physician's mind. The military mind, the agricultural mind, the mercantile mind, and the politician's mind, too, have all been examined, described, and classified with more or less care, and are perfectly familiar to the public. The editorial mind remains to this hour unreached by scientific enquiry, and yet there is no doubt that it forms a type in itself which grows every year more marked and which will well repay study. Our present purpose is to call attention simply to one feature of it, and that perhaps the most striking and the one which does most to prejudice the public against the profession, though it is one for which the peculiar history of the profession fully accounts: we mean its notorious want of modesty. By want of modesty we do not mean confidence in one's own opinions and over-earnestness in setting them out as the true and only truth. This is a characteristic of all men whose business it is to argue, and, in fact, may be said to be a necessary element of rhetorical success, whether at the bar, in the pulpit, or in the press. It is in fact a characteristic from which no class of controversialists or teachers is entirely free. What we mean is the freedom with which the editor expresses the wonder and delight with which he regards his own performances. All men are apt to do so whenever they are even tolerably successful. There is a good deal of exaggeration, we think, in the popular estimate of the extent to which men overrate their own powers. The mass of men take a tolerably just view of them. As a general rule, men reach and retain the positions for which they are fitted, and they owe these positions rather to the correctness of their own calculation as to what they can accomplish than to that of other people. It is in estimating the value of their work after it is done that the weakness of human nature shows itself most, and it is of course most marked in men who have achieved some measure of success, and whose calling places them in conspicuous places.

But in most of the "learned professions" etiquette, if not natural sense of propriety, forces a man to conceal this high appreciation of his own performances. At the bar, for instance, even a leader affects humility constantly, except when engaged in a personal quarrel. His opponents,

however deep the contempt he may entertain for them, he designates as his "learned brethren," or is apt even to pretend to be somewhat appalled by their eloquence and lore. In fact, if it was not for the badness of *their* causes, he would give up *his* causes in despair, but having justice on his side he does not shrink from the encounter, feeble though his natural powers may be. His own exploits he has, in obedience to well-settled usage, to speak of as "humble efforts;" his abilities are "poor abilities." The counsel on the other side are an "overwhelming array of talent and learning." In nine cases out of ten this no doubt is gammon, but it is a kind of gammon which promotes good feeling, good manners, and has a certain humanizing reflex action on the mind.

In the pulpit, also, personal boasting is not permitted. Clergymen, like other men, may be and are proud of their influence, of the growth of their congregations, and of the confidence reposed in their character, and it is allowable and is customary for them to review their work openly; but then usage requires the most conceited man either to ascribe the glory of the work to Providence, or, if he reserves any of it for merely human agents, to share it with the congregation. The medical profession, or at least the respectable part of it, is bound by even stricter conventional rules than any other. The public depreciation of a professional brother, or interference with his practice, or any attempts to lessen it by doubts of his capacity, or unfavorable comparisons with one's own or open exaltation of one's self, are amongst the unpardonable professional offences.

The editor is, in fact, the only man engaged in an intellectual calling who publicly discourses on the number and value of his own services to society, and this not in self-defence or under the influence of temporary excitement, but as one of his regular duties. He generally varies the ordinary business of his calling, which is certainly dull and monotonous, by a sort of hymn to himself which treats now of his influence on the existing public; now of his type and paper, which he calls his "dress," and new type, his "new dress;" now of the furious eagerness of his advertisers; now of the prodigious number of his subscribers and the lightning rapidity with which his admirers are forming "clubs" and forwarding remittances; now of his devotion to the True, the Beautiful, and the Good, and now of the amazing meanness, cunning, and corruption of his rivals. His song hardly dies away, however, before an antiphonal strain is heard from one or more of these rivals sweetly accusing him of fraud and lying, and challenging him to prove even one-half of his assertions or back them up by a small wager, and ascribing most of the evils of society to his unhallowed influence.

He is the only man, too, who, pursuing an intellectual calling, touts for customers or for hearers. A lawyer who offered a spring overcoat to anybody who paid him a retaining fee of one hundred dollars, or gave him that amount by way of professional remuneration, would lose caste, and the public would be rather shy of giving him their cases. A clergyman who announced that the deacons or vestrymen would present each taker of a pew in his church with a Dutch oven or a set of ladies' furs, would soon find his church empty. But an editor frequently professes to do the work of both a law-professor and clergyman: that is, expound the constitution, for instance, and save souls on the same page, and yet nothing is commoner than his offering goods of various kinds to persons who will listen to his teachings or induce others to do so, and he does it with a perfectly imperturbable face and with much puffing both of his law and his gospel. One of the causes of this absence both of modesty, and dignity, and *esprit de corps* in what promises to be the most influential of the professions, is, doubtless, the fact that it took its rise just at the beginning of the commercial age, and inherited no feudal traditions as the other professions have done. The newspapers began to be a power just as the commercial spirit began to invade society and supply a new standard of success and merit. But the principal cause is doubtless to be found in the fact that newspapers were originally commercial undertakings simply. The editor undertook to sell such scraps of intelligence as he could pick up, and he brought to his calling precisely the same code of morals and manners as he would have brought to the establishment of a small retail milk or potato business. The comments on public affairs, criticisms of public men, and general work of instruction were added on to the business afterwards, and have been every year growing in power and importance, and promise hereafter to be, perhaps, the most effective of all agencies in moulding popular thought and character. But the combination of instruction with the purely commercial work of selling the news and outdoing commercial rivals produces the most ludicrous contrasts in the columns of newspapers—a combination which nothing but long use prevents from producing greater amusement, and doing more to bring the press into contempt, and which would, but for the steady growth of the press in commercial strength, con-

vert the editor into the most singular type of man in existence. This growth in commercial strength is gradually ridding the profession of the traces of the milk and potato business, but it will never thoroughly assimilate it in manners or in minor morals to the others. All professions are becoming more and more commercial in their spirit, and are leaving more and more room for the play of individual enterprise and energy in getting on. At the bar as well as in medicine the traditional rules of propriety are gradually giving way, and though there is gain in the change there is also loss, for these rules, though they often kept merit in the background for long years, did a great deal to prevent noisy impudence from pushing too soon to the front, and if they kept men from using all the legitimate means of succeeding prevented them from using most of the illegitimate means. But the press must, from its very nature, be more or less given to self-laudation, because it holds its own trumpet constantly in its hand, and it will probably never be in human nature to resist a temptation of this kind. If lawyers or doctors had the means constantly at their disposal of informing a great many thousand people, without expense to themselves, that their offices were amongst the few places in this world of sin and sorrow in which justice and health were to be found, we greatly fear we should hear of many more wonderful cures than we do, and the counsellor would have fewer laughs at the editor for his high appreciation of his own merits.

A REAL CONSULAR STORY.

I AM in the civil service, and I have been in it for nearly eight years. I was appointed soon after the accession of President Lincoln, and the way it happened was this: Desiring for the sake of pursuing certain studies to go to Venice, some of my friends wrote a petition that I be sent there as U. S. Consul, that being a capacity in which favored students, invalids, and incapables have much the habit of going abroad. My friend H. wanted at the same time to go to Munich, but as that city was provided for he was sent to Venice, and I was sent to—we'll call it X., it being advisable not to make the veil too transparent, to avoid libel suits. It was a capital city, though so far as we are concerned of no political importance whatever, yet had a legation, established for, the benefit of a well-known political invalid, and kept up for equally hospitable reasons. When I arrived at my post, I found both legation and consulate vacant for a long time and in the charge of a sub-secretary of the French legation and teacher of languages, who kept the bird of freedom in a cheap fifth-story apartment in an obscure part of the city, where he dispensed *visas* and French lessons together. There were many of my compatriots in the city, and monsieur made himself popular by being valet-general to the colony.

I had no salary, only fees, but as the consular returns made the compensation from these sources respectable, I had accepted the place on those terms, hoping it might be a step towards Venice when a change should take place. Assuming the reins of government, I took to myself, in a third-story apartment, the coat of arms, passport-book, etc., etc., and began to exercise consular jurisdiction over my fellow-countrymen to the amount of one dollar per *visa*. It was one of the few cities in Europe where the passport was still indispensable, and my generous compatriots, who like to have a functionary of my class in case of difficulties but don't like the fee-paying part of it, were not as a general thing very agreeable, and as a large proportion of them were secesh, it was very hard putting the screws on, especially after the law was promulgated demanding the oath of allegiance preliminary to *visa*, very soon after my arrival. My dollars cost me sometimes more than they were worth. But the police were inexorable; the consul's *visa* must precede theirs; and by cultivating friendly relations with the officials I got all the support I needed. It would, however, have been easier to squeeze out a considerable amount of money than it was to get the oath of allegiance. I remember one Virginian lady, young, spirited, and beautiful, who went on the rampage about it and almost broke my heart; but I enrolled her amongst the loyal in spite of everything. Another patriot of the peace persuasion, with a strong charity for the employment of force when it was necessary to prevent coercion, on being informed that he must kiss the Book, burst into fury and assured me that he was as good a loyalist as I was. I was ready to admit it, the more that he had already made a large income out of the war, and I, sitting in my office six hours a day, could only make about \$600 a year; but I could not let him go without the oath.

He went on in a torrent of abuse of me, the Government, the President, etc., and finally, drawing a dollar from his pocket, held it up, and ordering me and all the interests I represented to a place I hope to escape finally, assured me that that magic talisman would carry him through everything. "Very good," said I merrily, "if that will carry you through, it will be

cheaper than ordinary, for I shall charge you as much as that." He went off, abusive to the last, and I saw nothing more of him for three days, when he came to me as meek as could be desired, and went through the forms without a word of remonstrance. At another time two wealthy citizens of Mobile came, backed by two of my consular colleagues, to persuade me to let them slip by. They were perfectly loyal, they said, but feared the confiscation of their property if they took the oath. I was inexorable, and after exhausting the inducements they went away, and I believe left town with English passports, I losing my two dollars lawful gain, to say nothing of what I might have pocketed if so disposed which the law would not recognize. I doubt if any one in the service enrolled so many South-siders as I in that year. No fish got through my net except those who had interest enough to get a pass from the minister of foreign affairs, but my income suffered in the end, as will be seen.

After six months' solitary representation of the United States, I received a reinforcement in the person of Hon. Mr. A., we'll call him, being the first of the series, a Western politician, a backwoods lawyer who had been governor of his adopted state. He informed me that he had only come out to see Europe at the public expense and had a leave of absence in his pocket. Of course he knew nothing of diplomatic matters, French he had a profound contempt for, international law he didn't care to meddle with, and he unhesitatingly availed himself of my experience, my French, and my labors. Acting as his man of business and interpreter, I took a house for him, engaged an office-keeper, and after having presented him to the authorities I was honored by the appointment of secretary with a compensation left to his generosity. I went with him to talk of affairs, translated for him, wrote his letters to the authorities, and in a few days, finding that I was *au fait*, he allowed the duties of the place to devolve on me altogether.

The governor was good natured, witty, and on the whole an interesting sample of what a man may become with no other advantages than civilization west of the Mississippi affords. The sleepy old town was soon too dull for him, and pulling out of his pocket his leave of absence he went off on it to make the tour of France, Switzerland, etc., leaving me in charge. This of course was all right, being in the way of his better education. When he returned it was only to say good-by to the sovereign and return, making another detour to America. He confided to me that the legation at this place was a sort of preserve kept for a certain friend of the head of the department, and whom we shall hereafter have to know as C., being the third of the series. C., he said, had another place just then which he did not want to quit, and so the place would be, in one way or another, kept warm for him. He assured me at the same time that he should return to the place as soon as he had been at Washington to arrange matters, and so went off, begging me to pay the rent when due, with some other obligations, to meet which he would send me the money as soon as he reached London.

There was an interregnum of six months, in which I did all the duty of consul and minister, paid the rent, etc., but I never from that day to this heard a word from the governor about the money spent, which, amounting to about \$400 gold, I obtained from the U. S. Treasury through the intercession of his successor (the second minister, B.), less by about \$40 which I had not taken vouchers for and could not therefore recover. As for my labor, perhaps when I meet the governor in the Fortunate Isles he will pay me in funny stories. Of the three occupants of his place in my time, he was on the whole the most creditable, and I had bitter cause to regret him.

With the fashionable season following came his successor, Mr. B., a politician of doubtful reputation, as they say when it is not at all doubtful, and whom some excessively dirty work in managing elections had entitled to a reward in the way of a foreign appointment, due deference to his reputation forbidding his being put into a responsible post at home. His services deserved a more important post, as he had, they say, narrowly escaped the State prison in performing them. He was as ignorant of French or diplomacy as A., but that was nothing, as he only came to keep the place warm for C. and draw \$8,000 from the public treasury, in gold, when paper was worth from 30 to 40 cents on the dollar.

I have never been certain that the sin I was guilty of in asking him for the office of secretary with a slight compensation did not merit all the misfortunes he brought on me, but I was hard up and willing to do any work that lay in my line without regard to the character of my principal. I was underbid, however. A certain individual—that's a *safe* term—who held a place in a local banking-house in consideration of his being an American and a good decoy-duck, offered to do the work in return for the honor of being his excellency's secretary. His Excellency B., glad to supply the want at so reasonable a rate, at once agreed, and the banker, who had during

the whole period of my tenure of office been an out-and-out Copperhead, partly from "pure cussedness" and more because most of the Americans then in the city were South-siders, began suddenly a new part—loyalist, with decorous reservations, not to alienate his former clients. B. had respect enough for law to induce him to prevent his secretary from assuming the title of Secretary of Legation, an impertinence the American Eagle resents by declaring a fine and imprisonment on whoever ventures on it. The legation was not yet at its lowest indignity.

That winter's business was good, and my income from fees amounted to \$800, with a prospect of increasing, and my comparative prosperity induced me to go out to the U. S., and bring my family—wife and one child. I made a cheap voyage home and as cheap a voyage back as was possible under the circumstances, and arriving at X. found that during my absence the secretary, left in charge of the legation, had put on the feathers, assumed a card with B. C. D., Secretary of Legation U. S. A., had assumed diplomatic powers, and negotiated a treaty with the local government by which the American consul's *visé* should thenceforward be dispensed with, because, as he himself assured me, "it was too great an annoyance to Southern people to be obliged to come to my office and take the oath of allegiance." I went to the police and made reclamations; to the minister of foreign affairs to remonstrate, but was told that our minister had requested it and that there was nothing more to be said on the subject. I was never so dumbfounded in all my life; in fact, I have never quite got over my amazement at the amount of cheek shown in this affair. That a person illegally assuming to represent the U. S. A. should have entered into negotiations with any government to facilitate the protection of declared outlaws was only to be outdone by another equally strange fact, viz., that our own Government, being informed of the fact, should have taken no notice of it, not even to order the pretender to diplomatic honors to put off his borrowed plumes. But the incident had a more than humorous or surprising import to me; it left me without income; but how I struggled and how we suffered the next two years, living *au cinquième* and out of society, is of no direct moment to my narrative.

I hoped that the arrival of His Excellency C. would have ended the injustice. This chosen man, to keep the place open for whom it had been twice ill filled and the country twice dishonored, must be a rare and worthy representative. A. and B. I have sufficiently characterized; the new one was another type of the pure incapable. On his arrival he quietly settled down into the secretary's apartments, established the official quarters of the legation in one of the rooms of his bank, accorded gratis, be it understood, in consideration of the honor conferred; and when the official doorkeepers at one of the government *fêtes* refused the *soi-disant* secretary admission as a person not officially known, Mr. C. took him on his arm and walked him through. They were very punctilious at the court of X. Thenceforward Secretary B. C. D. ruled the legation, and C., reposing in his *otium cum dignitate*, consulted his pleasure and left the duties as far as possible to D. C. had two tendencies generally remarked and for which he quickly became notorious in X., to economy and whiskey, so that R., who was something of a punster, made a great hit when a lady enquired if it were true that his excellency "drank," by replying, "drinks any given quantity." It is to be supposed that it was for so meritoriously saving half his very insufficient salary that he was accorded (as he himself assured me, at least) \$1,000 from the contingent fund of the State Department.

A reader of any spirit will have asked the question many times ere this, Why have remained in the place under such circumstances? A man of spirit who had the means to back it up would have resigned long before, but I had put all I had into my voyage out and had nothing for my voyage home. Besides, I hoped that a sense of justice would induce the State Department to urge on Congress the appropriation of a salary for the consulate, seeing that there was a clear necessity of such an office at X. It was a great mistake. My subsequent experience has proved that our Government has never paid the least attention to justice, to fitness, to merit or good conduct in its appointments to diplomatic and consular posts. I have known men whose habitual neglect of duty and absence from their posts without reason or permission, notorious drunkenness and bad character, utter incompetence and innate unfitness, or even corruption and venality in the performance of their duties, were well known locally and easily to be proved by a slight investigation, to remain in office despite of complaint after complaint, until they were obliged to leave their official residences to escape legal action of one kind or another. The result of all my complaints in the above-cited case proved the folly of looking to the Government for justice, but, like the unjust judge, the department finally, tired of my clamor, sent me to another place to get rid of it. I believe that the history of this legation is the history of many others, and as for

our consuls, *such as they are*, the quicker we cut off three-fourths of them the better. As to other branches of the civil service, let those testify who know. Of my own I have spoken what I know, and the above account is true to the least fact, neither overdrawn nor overcolored. I am willing to affix my affidavit thereto. The opportunities for a dishonest man to make money in a U. S. consulate are sometimes great. I know of several who have grown rich on a salary that wouldn't pay their living expenses. I have myself been offered considerable sums for appointments which would give American protection, and I know that in the Levant an appointment to a consular agency or vice-consulship is often worth £200. In the busier Western European ports a man can make more than his salary by having an interest in some ship-furnishing house, who will pay him a nice percentage on all the jobs he sends them, and he has almost complete power over the ships, owing to the extreme looseness with which we hold our consuls to responsibility and the liberties they have to be disobliging, or the reverse, to the captains. A dishonest consul in a place whence many shipments take place may work himself into a large income and make the Government lose ten times as much in duties. In times of political disturbances American passports sell for large sums, and I have known a good many to be sold. Each one of those illegal papers may be the source of serious diplomatic difficulties and loss of prestige.

Yet we put all these powers into the hands of men who, for temporary amusement, for profit or for idleness, and having an uncle or relative further removed or nearer, see fit to ask for a place abroad. There is no qualification, no kind of examination. Not one in twenty of our consuls can speak any language but their own. I have known a man to leave his office entirely in the hands of a sharper, while he vagabondized by the year, got drunk, made a reputation of being an associate of the lowest characters in his place of residence, *and deserved it*, and, though complained of for years, to remain in his place, because he had some friend in Congress or behind the scenes.

The appointment of special agents during our war at a great expense to travel through Europe to act on public opinion, and Mr. Seward's notion that they were of eminent service to the Republic, shows at once what our consular and diplomatic service ought to have been and what it was. It alone should have been equal to the duties for which these agents were appointed, yet the fact that they were appointed proves that even in the eyes of the Department of State its subordinates were incapable of performing their first and most obvious duty—that of representing their country.

A man who enters our civil service does so thinking only that he has got a place. With a very few honorable exceptions, it is only to him a share of the spoils of victory, and no conception of doing honor to himself or the country or advancing the public interests, no hope of making himself an honorable position, enters into consideration. He cannot live honestly by his salary, and he has every facility for dishonesty to supply the deficiency. People and government are alike indifferent to what he does so long as he is sound on the goose and can answer Mr. McCracken's questions satisfactorily. What the consular service may have been before Mr. Lincoln's time I can't say, but since his advent it is without exception the least respectable of the civilized world.

Venite Lictores, or I shall chop my own head off.

A CIVIL SERVANT.

Correspondence.

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

A long-lived nation can wait for ample justice. No reparation that Great Britain can give now will undo the mischief that she has done. But, as a nation outlives many generations of men, the equivalent that America can take, by accepting the English theories of neutrality, and biding our time to act on them, may sweep maritime England from our path of commercial rivalry for ever.

Many American citizens would be glad that our Government should pay our ship-builders for losses occasioned by Anglo-Confederate piracy, and close the door of negotiation for ever. A gigantic reprisal upon British commerce, by some future generation of American ship-owners, can alone compensate American commerce for the fears and the injuries of the past.

The spirit in which Great Britain ought to have treated our Southern and Scotch enemies is illustrated by the conduct of the first Lord St. Germain, great Sir John Eliot. "One of his first orders," says his biographer,

"strikingly exemplified the sense of justice, irrespective of personal leanings, with which he performed strictly at this time his commercial duties. A French ship, laden with wine, belonging to one David Alexander, of Dieppe, a Papist, had been taken prize, under commission from the town of Rochelle, then in revolt against the French king, and driven by storm into Dartmouth, where Eliot arrested her. Here all his sympathies were with the captors, and against the captured. But in vain he was petitioned to permit the ship to be carried into and judged at Rochelle. The case was too clear to admit of doubt. *England was yet at peace with France, and the men who made prize of the ship, as rebels to the French king, could only be regarded as pirates by an English vice-admiral.* Eliot was immovable; and, though Buckingham was anxious to have found a flaw in the transaction, and it was reopened on the Rochellers being taken under protection by England, the admiralty could only confirm the decision of Eliot."—John Forster's "Life of Eliot," Vol. II., pp. 21, 22.

Modern England builds ships for the rebels of a country with which she is at peace, and refuses redress for this infamous aid to piracy. *Per contra*, the spirit in which Great Britain demands reparation for wrongs is curiously shown by the despatches of another Elliot, Her Majesty's plenipotentiary to China in 1841, enclosing to General Gough a copy of "Terms of Agreement granted to the officers of the Chinese Government resident within the city of Canton." *Granted!*

"Art. 2. 6,000,000 dollars to be paid in one week for the use of the crown of England, counting from the 27th of May, 1,000,000 dollars payable before sunset of the said 27th day of May. [The day of agreement.]

"Art. 3. . . . If the whole sum agreed upon be not paid within seven days, it shall be increased to 7,000,000 dollars; if not within fourteen days, to 8,000,000; if not within twenty days, to 9,000,000.

"Art. 4. Losses occasioned by the plunder of the factories, and by the destruction of the Spanish brig *Bellanio*, in 1839, to be paid within one week."

In this affair "Kwang Chow Foo" met a plenipotentiary whom no amount of stewed puppy could mollify, and unjust Great Britain was facing China, and neither France nor a united

AMERICA.

Notes.

LITERARY.

In a late issue of the *Commercial Advertiser*—which by long custom is the recognized organ of "the trade" for the purpose of making announcements of new books and of laying claim to foreign books to be reprinted—we see Matthew Arnold's "Culture and Anarchy" announced by the Appletons and by the Harpers. Apparently, then, Fields & Osgood do not insist on their right to the works of this author. Their imprint on two volumes of his poetry and one of his prose would seem to establish their right so far as the imperfect right "by courtesy of the trade" can be established. It is said, by the way, that Americans will not have especial reason to be pleased with this new book. The author "ought to come over and study our institutions," as they used to say; and really that is not so bad a way of preparing for criticising a people—to take a look at them, "to see the thing as it is," as Mr. Arnold himself likes to say. We may properly mention here that in the last number of *Macmillan's*—an excellent family magazine for families, clever enough, though there is a good allowance, too, of third and fourth-rate matter—there is an article by Mr. Arnold, readable, of course, and capable of instructing; of course, too, not without whim, whams and affectations. It is the inaugural lecture which he delivered some ten or twelve years ago when he took the chair of poetry at Oxford. "The Modern Element in Literature" is the title of it, and one would say, from the way in which it treats the subject, that there is more of it to come. The Greeks, of course, are the true moderns; we are pretty modern, we of to-day; the Romans were modern in feeling, some of them; the Elizabethans were more ancient than we, and far more ancient than Sophocles and Horace. There is, to be sure, a truth in all this, but there is misuse of language too. Other books which the Appletons announce are "Lecky's History of European Morals," and a work with the title "Tommy Try, and what he did in Science."—Messrs. Harper & Brothers announce numerous additions to their list of reprints of English works, and besides these MacLaren's "Physical Education," "Personal Recollections of English Engineers," and "The Flowery Scroll." This last book is the Chinese love-story which Sir John Bowring has recently been translating, and it is agreeable reading.—To the titles of books already mentioned by us, Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son add these two, "The Shakespearean Treasury of Wit and Wisdom," compiled by Dr. C. W. Stearns, and "Mexico and the United

States," by the Rev. Dr. Gorham D. Abbot. The latter is said to contain information derived from high official sources.—The American News Company will publish on the 20th inst. a book in which Mr. Samuel Bowles describes his last summer vacation trip to the Rocky Mountains with Mr. Colfax and his family. The title is "Colorado: Its Rocky Mountains. A Summer Vacation in Camp." What with the Vice-President elect, the Indian question, the Pacific Railroad, in which everybody is interested, the interest which most Americans take in our far Western country—to say nothing of the interest which some people will take in Mr. Bowles as the captive of Mr. James Fisk's bow and spear—this volume ought to be a good one to sell.

—The inability which every people—with the possible exception of the French—has found in itself to give to localities names at once well sounding and not unmeaning gets its best illustration in the nomenclature of the streets of cities. Whoever may have made the country, it might be proved from the names at the street corners that some decidedly finite being made the town, and is responsible for its local sign-board literature. Walking about New York, for example in the newer parts of the city, every lettered lamp-post at the corners makes us aware of the poverty of invention under which christeners of our thoroughfares labor. And by the way it may be remarked that this dull uniformity in the local signboards is in very marked contrast with the racy strangeness of the personal signboards. Perhaps there is no city where there is more variety in the names of the business men. We have the old Dutch names, the old English names, arriving by way of New England, the newer English names of later unpuritan importation, the strange German names, the names of Jews, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, and of men of almost every nation, gathered here for trade. It is the fashion, too, to make the sign conspicuous. But London seems to be in worse difficulties than any of our American cities in the matter of finding names for its thoroughfares. The Metropolitan Board of Works has just issued a blue-book which has a good deal to say on this subject. It reports that there are in London no less than eighty-seven John Streets, besides John's "Places" "Passages" and "Mews" without number; there are eighty varieties of streets bearing the name of Victoria, to say nothing of thirteen Victoria Cottages; including thirty-five Prince Streets, there are some hundred or so of modifications of Prince's road; there are sixty-four Charles Streets, forty-seven James Streets, and twenty seven James Places, thirty-seven Edward Streets, fifty-eight Elizabeth Streets and Places, a directory page or so of Alfred, and great numbers of George Streets and Charlotte Streets. Deceased monarchs and princes are of course responsible for some of these names, but some of them, and perhaps not the smaller number, have been bestowed in honor of sons or wives or daughters of builders and owners. On any other supposition it would be hard to account for thirteen Mary Anns, seven Emilys, seven Ellens, ten Elizas, thirteen Janes, thirty-four Marys, and fifty-three Annes. It appears that there are a few exceedingly odd names, which is almost a wonder too, considering the whimsicality of the Britisher and the obstinacy with which he indulges any whim that he once takes into his head. But for that matter the greater wonder is that with these traits of character he has made himself notorious as a nomenclator by the uninventive, unindividual manner in which he follows after "old use and wont." Still we find a Ruhamah Place and a Mehetabel Road, which will do very well as oddities. These would bother Mr. Matthew Arnold as much or even more than "Coles's Truss." Here in New York we have fallen back on the Arabic numerals, which we may thank heaven are entirely inexhaustible for the purpose of designating streets—though we suppose the Chicago press will contradict us on this head, so far as concerns the growth of their municipality. But the Londoners will have to marshal the whole body of letter-writers to the *Times* if they are ever to be extricated from the confusion they are in.

—For more reasons than one the recent death of Viscount Strangford should be mentioned in journals devoted to literature or to politics. He was an extraordinarily good scholar, and an extraordinarily good writer for the press, as well as being a politician in the high sense of that abused word. Questions of Eastern politics—Egyptian, Turkish, Persian, Indian—were his specialty, and it may be doubted if he was anywhere equalled—in England he certainly was not—for the closeness of his study of them, the minute exactness of his information, and his comprehensive views of England's rights and duties as regards them. He was the second son of Percy Clinton Sydney, the sixth viscount of his house, and seems to have labored with more than the usual disadvantages besetting the career of younger sons. His mother dying soon after his birth—which took place at St. Petersburg, where his father was ambassador—Percy Smythe Sydney was sent to his grandmother—an American lady, by the way—at Clifton

a watering-place near Bristol, and remained there, going to a small school, till he was ready for Harrow. From early childhood he showed a wonderfully retentive memory and in the last years of his life could recall the names of the shipping that he used to see in the harbor, of the streets and lanes about which he wandered, of his childish companions, and of every book that he read; indeed it is said of him that he never forgot anything that he had ever known. Vámbéry, the orientalist and traveller, bears testimony to the power of this faculty in the viscount's later days, when it was as great as ever. Vámbéry says that his knowledge of Asiatic tongues was so precise, deep, and correct as to be astounding. After his return from Central Asia, he visited Strangford, and among other things conversed with him concerning the Tchagatai, or Tartar-Turkish, a dialect all but unknown and even unheard of in Europe. Strangford could speak the Tchagatai, Vámbéry found, better than himself, and quoted to him Tartar classics as well as any mullah in Khiva or Bokhara. This was not the only dialect of an Asiatic country that he had never visited which the learned viscount could speak and write fluently and idiomatically. In short, "he was the most varied linguist England ever produced," if the Hungarian scholar's opinion is to be accepted as conclusive. Not unlikely it is to be so accepted. Persians have said that he spoke Persian "with the mastery and elegance of a highly educated native," and it is said that his knowledge of modern Greek in all its dialects was so extensive and accurate that he could at once tell of what province a speaker was a native, and, more than that, could hardly in any province have been known for a foreigner so far as his speech was concerned. From Harrow he went to Oxford. After leaving school it is said that he never—for what reason we do not know—received a shilling from his father, but supplied himself. This fact may explain the brevity of his stay at the university, which he left at the end of a year. Or it may be that his passion for oriental studies decided his departure. However that may be, he went out to Constantinople in 1845—when he was 20 years old—as an attaché of the embassy. Already he had taught himself Arabic and Persian, and to them he soon added Turkish and Greek. For twelve years he was in the diplomatic service, and as the Crimean war occurred in this period, so much labor was thrown on him as Oriental Secretary that it very nearly ruined his health utterly. He was never robust. In 1857 his brother, who had succeeded his father, died and he became the eighth viscount. In February, 1862, he married happily, and on the eighth of January last was found dead in his bed—dead of overwork at the age of forty-three years. For the ten or eleven years of his later English life he was as before a student, and a light of the Asiatic Society and the Geographical Society; as a geographer, not more than one or two men in England were comparable to him. Besides his studies, however, he occupied himself more or less in writing for the press, as we have said. He did some reviewing in the *Saturday Review*; there is an article of his entitled "The Eastern Shores of the Adriatic," in the *Quarterly Review* of August, 1866; and from its foundation he was a promoter of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and a frequent contributor to that journal, which will sorely miss him. Indeed, whether considered as political writer, scholar, or profound politician, his death is nothing less than a loss to the British Empire. It is to the *Pall Mall Gazette* that we are indebted for most of our facts concerning him.

—With the so-called Phil-Hellenic movement Lord Strangford was by no means in sympathy, and we can easily imagine him severely denounced in Boston by the Phil-Hellenes lineally descended from the Byron and Doctor Howe of 1821, just as in England he was often denounced by the more numerous and less intelligent writers and talkers on the "Eastern question" as "a mere Turk." He used to say of himself, "I am an anti-*φιλελλην*," whereupon most people set him down as a hater of the Greek and a lover of the Mussulman; but he used to go on and say, "But I am a pro-*φιλορωμαϊκ*." That is to say, Lord Strangford, who may almost be said to have made the future of Turkey in Europe the study of his life, who talked and thought about it from the experience and labor of years and not merely from a fervid, uninstructed, sentimental, school-boy notion of ancient Athens and her glories, who knew the character of all the races involved in the problem—this trained student of politics and history disliked the Turks, was decidedly an anti-Turk, disbelieved in the Greeks, and was no Phil-Hellene, but was a "Philo-Romaic," as he phrased it, was a believer in the Bulgarians as the race destined to supplant the Turks and, in place of Mohammedan or Russian, hold Southeastern Europe. We observe that half a dozen Bulgarian gentlemen resident in London have recently addressed to Lady Strangford a letter of condolence, in which, while expressing their sorrow at the loss of their champion, they express at the same time confidence or hopefulness for the future of their people. They claim that the Bulgarians, little known as they are in Europe, and

much as they are overshadowed by the noisier Greeks, are a strong undivided nationality of five millions souls. It is not unlikely that the death of Lord Strangford, calling as it has and will wide attention to his projects for the gradual settlement of the most baffling of all the questions of European politics, may be an event more fruitful of political results than his life would have been. It is to be hoped that something may be done with his letters, which are spoken of very highly, as being full of linguistic learning and of wit, and which, probably enough, may have political as well as philological value. And unless something is done with them he will have left behind him no permanent memorial of great labors and great talents.

—Those of our progressive men and women who were for doing all kinds of things to Chief-Justice Chase because of his behavior during the impeachment trial, and who have not yet ceased their visitations on the heads of the seven judges who would not be politicians on the same occasion, will be pleased to hear a new anecdote concerning Dr. Pusey which is now going the rounds in England. We hope he may be able to deny it. Lord Kingsdown—Thomas Pemberton, and afterwards Thomas Pemberton-Leigh—who died not long since, was one of the many English lawyers whose abilities have raised them from poverty to the peerage; he filled several high offices in the course of his life, having been for many years a member of parliament, and served as attorney-general to the Prince of Wales, chancellor and keeper of the great seal to the Prince of Wales, and member of the Privy Council. Of the judicial committee of the Privy Council he was a very active and efficient member, being for learning and for intellectual power able among the ablest. Of course his integrity was as well known and as much believed in as his ability. When he was lying ill of the disease of which he died, it was proposed in the Hebdomadal Board at Oxford that the degree of Doctor of Laws should be conferred upon him, an honor which he had so well deserved that the conferring it would have been an honor to Oxford. A large majority of the board were eagerly in favor of the proposition, but it was opposed by Doctor Pusey and one other clerical member, and as Lord Kingsdown's friends were not willing that a disputed honor should be tendered the eminent man whom they admired, the two ecclesiastics were permitted to have their own way—a thing not overmuch to the credit of their fellow-members, most people would say. It was of course, as is customary in such cases, thought best to say nothing to the defeated candidate about the proposed honor. Doctor Pusey, however, conceived it his duty to write to Lord Kingsdown, saying that his opposition had proceeded from no want of respect for his lordship, but from the conviction that by his judicial authority he had contributed to sustain judgments adverse to the spiritual interests of the church. Put in plain English, this occurrence would be related with substantial accuracy if it were said that Lord Kingsdown, a man of undisputed probity, having declared the law on certain matters to the best of his knowledge—an indisputably greater knowledge than Doctor Pusey's—was punished by Doctor Pusey to the best of his power for thus doing his duty. It may be wrong to allege want of temper and want of consideration and want of sense against a man in many respects so good and in many respects so able as Doctor Pusey, but this act of his looks very like what in other men would be called spitefulness, and blind zeal for party, and an immoral ignoring of the honesty of eminent opponents.

—Three of the heroes of modern Italian unity have rejoiced in the name of Giuseppe, and of these perhaps the greatest, though from his modesty the least conspicuous and famous, was the Sicilian patriot La Farina, one of the most intimate and valued advisers of Count Cavour. Towards the close of last year his private correspondence was published in Milan, in two volumes (*Epistolario di Giuseppe La Farina, raccolto e pubblicato da Ausonio Franchi*), and the incidental allusions in some of the letters to the well-known radical and now representative Crispi have provoked the latter to a rather ridiculous display of himself. On the 4th of December he wrote to the editor of the correspondence, that there was not a word of truth in all that La Farina had said of him; but as it would require a volume to confute his misrepresentations, he would confine himself to two, and he instances passages in letters of November, 1860, which imply that Crispi's patriotism was inspired by sordid motives. In view of this "infamous calumny" he makes an appeal to the conscience of the editor for an early apology, failing to obtain which he threatens to seek redress in the courts. The reply of Franchi is what might be expected, and is marked by dignity and quiet irony. After disclaiming any responsibility as editor for the judgments or opinions of the deceased writer—a responsibility which no editor would or could assume—he explains away the injurious construction of La Farina's language with regard to Crispi,

and concludes as follows: "When I am sure of being in accord with my conscience, I have very little concern for my legal responsibility. If you wish to have recourse to the latter, so do; you know better than I do what legal reparation is worth as compared with the judgment of history, and I know besides that no law and no tribunal will ever succeed in making me retract what I have never uttered." It may, however, be questioned whether the publication of these letters was not premature, considering how violent have been the agitations and dissensions of the Italians during the last twenty years, how fierce were the personal jealousies evoked, and how many have survived that stormy period. The omissions in Franchi's collection, due to numerous refusals to surrender La Farina's letters for publication, are a proof of the sensitiveness which still exists. The documents withheld would undoubtedly show how former friendship had changed to opposition and hostility; and the better La Farina's character is established for integrity, statesmanship, and intelligent devotion to his country, the less likely is any one to confess having differed with him or been any the less far-sighted and patriotic.

—Within the past two years Italian scholars have been fruitful of commentaries upon Dante and the "Divine Comedy." Of about a dozen that might be named—some general, others confined to particular books or passages—and which have been published in all parts of the kingdom, the one by Giovanni Ventura is the most interesting. It undertakes to explain the opening verse of the seventh canto of the "Inferno," well known to have given rise to various interpretations:

"Pape Satan, pape Satan aleppe."

Ventura by some reasoning persuades himself that in Pluto Dante designed to impersonate Philip the Fair, of France, who has, however, received his dues in other parts of the same book. He then develops the satirical speculation of Benvenuto Cellini that the line in question was borrowed from a phrase he once heard used by a judge in a French court, and should be read as French, by sound:

"Paix, paix, Satan; paix, paix, Satan; allez, paix!"

This Ventura changes into—

"Pas paix, Satan; pas paix, Satan; à l'épée [épée]."

But as there is nothing to justify such an extravagant fancy—certainly not the words of Jesus, "I come not to bring peace but a sword," which Ventura cites—so the explanation of the best commentators commends itself by its simplicity as sufficient. According to this, *pape* is a Latin exclamation of surprise, while *aleppe* is the Italian form of *alpha* (as *Giuseppe of Joseph*), and in this connection means chief or prince. But Ventura really improves the fine passage in Canto V. that contains the story of Francesca da Rimini, by separating from her narration the line which is commonly supposed to terminate the first portion of it:

"Caina attende chi vita ci spense."

This fierce and abrupt transition from the sweet tenor which became Francesca, seems to be fairly attributable to Paolo, who up to that time had been silent and of whose silence throughout some commentators have made much as poetic art. But the two succeeding lines sustain Ventura perfectly by their plural allusions—

"Queste parole da lor ci fur pôrte.

Da ch' io intesi quell' anime offense," etc.

By this suggestion our author has quite redeemed his book from worthlessness. A new work with the pretentious title, "La Mente di Dante Alighieri," is announced by Professor Brambilla, of Como, to whom these studies are not new.

—The International Congress of Statistics will hold its seventh session this year, and, by invitation of the Government of the Netherlands, at the Hague. In anticipation of its meeting, Herr von Baumhauer, director of the Dutch Royal Statistical Bureau, has published: "Idées mères ou plan motivé d'un programme pour la septième session du congrès international de statistique. La Haye, 1868." Hitherto, in the author's opinion, the practical usefulness of the congress has been almost neutralized by a want of system in its subjects of discussion, and, as a consequence, a too crowded programme and overburdened committees. He therefore endeavors to reduce under a few heads the more important topics to which attention should be given. The congress will miss one of its ablest members in the late Prof. Frederic Benedict William von Hermann, the Bavarian political economist, who died in November at the age of seventy-three. For forty-five years he had been a teacher of his favorite science, and in 1832 published his first work upon it (*Staatswirthschaftliche Untersuchungen*), by which he at once won reputation. He was engaged in his last moments in preparing a second edition of these "Researches," which his son-in-law, Prof.

G. Mayer, may perhaps complete for publication. Von Hermann stood very high in the confidence of his Government, and was an illustration of the extent to which the rulers of the present day depend on men of science and special learning. He was made successively inspector of the schools of technology, ministerial counsellor, and counsellor of state; was a long time member of the Bavarian chambers; represented the city of Munich in the national assembly at Frankfort in 1848, and his country several times in international conferences and negotiations where economical questions were involved, as in the reunions of the Zollverein, the expositions of London and Paris, and finally the congress of statistics, of which he was one of the most admired speakers. It is worth mentioning that the Bavarian Government has been and still is managed on anything but the "non-interference" theory. Munich is one of the cheapest capitals in Europe, but the prices of the necessary articles of food are regulated not by competition or supply and demand, but by government decrees.

RIVES'S MADISON.*

IT is ten years since the first volume of this work was published, and three years since that was followed by the second volume. In the editor's plan as originally announced, and as restated in the preface to the volume now in our hands, still a fourth volume was contemplated for the completion of the work; and even then, if the narrative and its illustrative extracts had been presented with the same fulness as is allowed in the three substantial octavos now before us, it seems as if Mr. Rives would have found a fifth volume necessary. But his labors were closed by his death, at his residence at Castle Hill, Virginia, on the 25th of last April. It is greatly to be regretted that he should have left a work, in many respects so admirably and faithfully constructed up to a very important point in our constitutional history, uncompleted beyond it. And the failure is the more to be deplored because it cannot be referred to the want of time, as Mr. Rives had kept his second volume all prepared for the press through the space of four years, during a critical period of the war of the rebellion, waiting for a more auspicious season for its publication. We must therefore look to another mind and hand to bring the work to a close. We hope that the conclusion will be characterized by the same excellent qualities of dignity, good taste, fidelity, and intentional impartiality as are exhibited in the portions of it that have been put in print. It is to be presumed that Mr. Rives has left all the necessary materials with some preparation of arrangement and illustration to facilitate the task of his successor.

Fortunately the excellent plan on which he constructed his work has secured the results of his labors from being merely fragmentary compositions. He intended that his several volumes should be complete, each in itself, by treating and confining itself to a definite period of history, constituting in itself an epoch marked by its own incidents and results. In each of the three parts of the work, the agency and the noble and conspicuous services of Mr. Madison offer material of the most important character for illustrating the most signal movements in our national annals. In the first volume in which this accomplished and high-toned man, a patriot by nature, was fitting himself to be a statesman, the War of Independence, and the political union based on the Articles of Confederation, presented to him a field and materials not only for acting an eminent part in the emergent occasions of the time then passing, but also for preparing to perform the very exacting duties which would be imposed on all our able men in all sections of the country in the formation of a working plan of government.

In the second volume, beginning its narration at the close of the war of the Revolution, and treating largely of the distractions and perplexities of the ensuing period, Mr. Madison appears in his honored place as one of the most competent and judicious if not the most brilliant and gifted among the men who formed and established the Constitution of the United States.

The third, and, as we have said, the last volume which Mr. Rives has been permitted to give to the public, traces the course of public affairs during the period of both terms of Washington's administration, Mr. Madison being through the same period a member of and, as we now have to add, a party leader in the House of Representatives. He did his full share, and contributed his generally calm and discreet counsels, his integrity of purpose, and his wisdom in policy, in the very difficult work of setting the new government in motion, and in initiating the measures which turned it from theory and parchment into a living organization

* "History of the Life and Times of James Madison. By William C. Rives." Vol. III. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1868. Svo, pp. 630.

with its vitality represented in institutions and functionaries. This was the period, too, in which the previous harmony, or rather the as yet untested question as to the degree and quality of the accordance in opinion and purpose which was supposed to underlie much variance of aim and inclination, was brought to the severe trial of debate and sectional and personal declarations on the floors of Congress. When all were professedly Republicans, and all were professedly Federalists, a common agreement to divide on some issues led as usual to the charging of synonymous terms with new and diverging meanings. We have ascribed to Mr. Rives the merit of an intentional impartiality. If he has ever failed in respect of that quality—as in some very important and in many subordinate points we think he has—the human error, in his manifestation of it, may be referred in part to common and in part to especial temptations. Hamilton went to his grave with the full conviction that Madison had been recreant to his own once avowed political principles, and had also been influenced by personal unfriendliness if not by jealousy and malice towards him; while he had also been used as a tool by a wilier and an abler party leader, Jefferson. That the son of Hamilton, through the seven volumes in which he has identified the career of his father with the development of the American Republic, has given just cause of provocation to the biographer of Madison, we suppose no one but a prejudiced partisan will deny. That Mr. Rives has not limited himself within the most rigid rules of candor and fairness in some of his pleas and arguments which must be regarded as rejoinders, is, we think, equally evident to an unimpassioned and intelligent reader. Mr. Rives was, and with abundant and all-sufficient reasons, a profoundly devoted and revering admirer of the personal character, as well as an earnest political disciple, of Madison. It will be remembered also that he was appointed by Congress to edit the *Madison Papers*. No one of course could be more competent than he was to set forth the views, the mental history, and the mature opinions of the subject of his political and biographical study. But he has—as most do, when they love their themes and have a noble one to deal with—become a champion, and failed of justice to some in extolling the one.

There is one very serious and positive assumption under which Madison spoke and acted in the public services through which he is followed in this volume, and Mr. Rives adopts the assumption in his whole exposition of the course pursued by the incipient Republican party. The assumption was of this sort: Madison spoke and wrote with a continual reiteration of “the sense in which the Constitution is known to have been proposed, advocated, and adopted,” alike in the General as in the State Conventions, as if there were room and right for only one opinion—and that his own—as to what that “sense” was. Mr. Rives, adopting this assumption as to a forestalled and perfectly according interpretation of that great organic instrument by all the parties interested in it, takes for granted that there was no range left for the construction of the Constitution in national and liberal directions tending to the formation of a “strong” government, such as Hamilton and the Federalists desired, but that a rule of stringent limitation, leaving no elasticity of interpretation or use, had been recognized contemporaneously with the adoption of the instrument. The old complaint is, that Hamilton and his party, seeking money power and prestige and imitating monarchical institutions, were bent upon a complete alteration of the spirit and the letter of the Constitution. But could not those thus harshly censured fall back upon the “sense” in which they had accepted that instrument, and maintain that while that instrument was a novelty and stood to represent a new and untried experiment, its interpretation in many details was free, and as fairly admitted of constructions in one direction as in another? Besides, Madison, as a member of the Virginia Legislature, had there successfully advocated the giving to the Congress of the Confederation the power to regulate commerce for all the States, the lack of which power in the central government was the occasion of such discordancy and mischief as exercised by the States. Yet this precedent was in itself a sufficient token that if the Constitution was to secure nationality in one or in many matters, the prime characteristic of the government which it was to support and guide would be that it should be “strong.”

It is observable also that Mr. Rives is apt to attach severe epithets, indicative of bitterness, greed, cunning, or mean ambition, to the leaders of the incipient Federal party. How differently, for instance, does Fisher Ames appear in these pages, and in the admiring and revering memories of him personally that are lingering in the hearts of the old men in Massachusetts!

There are two golden sentences from the pen and the mind of Madison which it would have been well for the citizens of his State to have kept in their view during the civil war. Before the weak and inefficient Confederacy of the States had yielded to our constitutional government, and while

patriots South and North were feeling their way on towards the needful measures which provided for and perfected the latter, Madison wrote: “The individual independence of the States is totally irreconcilable with their aggregate sovereignty.” He wrote this also: “The right of coercion should be expressly declared.”

Thus far it seems that the publication by descendants or by admiring representatives of each single biography of the prominent founders of our Republic indicates such a spirit of partisanship in individual portraiture or narrative, as to prompt a like spirit in all the biographical pens which follow, if only in the needful task of answering and correcting alleged misrepresentations. What a work will that be by-and-by, of some wise and faithful constitutional historian, who shall undertake to digest these voluminous and jarring publications; and what a genuine tribute it is to the greatness of Washington, to find claims advanced, in rivalry, in behalf of so many gifted men—that each of them was the one of whom Washington confidentially asked help, as regards the sentiment or the phraseology, in the composition of important public papers and which it is nevertheless most reasonably believed that he wrote substantially himself.

We must add a word of high praise in behalf of the publishing firm of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., for their continued fidelity in serving the cause of one of the highest departments of our literature. These elegantly printed volumes, on fair, thick paper, with hardly the most trivial error of the press to be noticed in them, lengthen out the file of works bearing the imprint of a firm which, beginning with our era of literary culture, has perpetuated itself by the production of what we may now call a National Historical Library.

THE “ISMS” OF CENTRAL ASIA.*

THE title of M. le Comte de Gobineau’s work indicates with sufficient clearness its aim and scope as a historical survey and critical analysis of the religious and philosophical systems which prevail at the present time among the inhabitants of Central Asia. The author is a man not only eminent in letters, but also well known in diplomatic circles; and his former connection with the French embassy at Teheran gave him a rare opportunity of studying Oriental civilization in all its phases, and of becoming familiar with the peculiar intellectual life of the East. His book is divided into sixteen chapters, in which the following subjects are treated: 1. The moral and religious character of the Asiatics; 2. Persian Islamism; 3. The faith of the Arabs, with an account of the origin and development of Shiism; 4. Sufism and the philosophical speculations of the East; 5. The free-thinkers of Asia under the influence of European ideas; then follow seven chapters on the rise and growth of Babism, four chapters on the theatre and the drama in Persia, and an appendix containing a translation of the Book of Precepts, which is one of the sacred books of the Babis. According to M. de Gobineau, the salient features of the Oriental mind are a strong proclivity to inductive methods of reasoning united with a wild and undisciplined imagination which often leads to the most astounding feats of metaphysical microscopy, a great fondness for theological discussions and insoluble problems of the supernatural, wonderful dialectic skill and subtlety, and excessive excusiveness. The love of disputation which characterizes the Asiatics accustoms them to listen with equanimity to the opinions of their adversaries, and thus disposes them not only to tolerance, but also to a very broad eclecticism in religious belief and worship; so that, although conversions from one faith to another are extremely rare, every man modifies his hereditary religion by engraving upon it whatever ideas and ceremonies may please his fancy or correspond to his supposed needs. The Albanian Mussulman lights his wax-candles in honor of St. Nicholas; the Mirdite Christian reverences the dervish as a father-confessor from whom he seeks absolution for his sins; the women of Khosru-shah do not hesitate to bring offerings to Our Lady with the hope of obtaining children, and, if their desires are granted, return thanks in the manner prescribed by the Christian ritual; in the maritime town of Pondicherry, Mussulmans, Hindoos, and Christians celebrate their religious festivals in common and join in all the solemnities with equal devoutness; and in the temple of the fire-worshippers at Baku may be seen a kind of divine service performed with an accompaniment of small cymbals such as are used by the Guebres in their devotions, around an altar adorned with images of Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, St. Nicholas, the Virgin Mary, Greek and Roman crucifixes, and Parsee vases, all of which are equally revered as sacred emblems by a multitude of half-naked penitents, who

* “Les Religions et les Philosophies dans l’Asie Centrale. Par M. le Comte de Gobineau.” Deuxième édition. Paris: Didier et Cie., Libraires-Éditeurs. 1866. 8vo, pp. 543. New York: F. W. Christern.

by long fastings and macerations of the flesh have rendered their bodies as insensible to physical influences as their souls are inaccessible to the suggestions of common sense, and whose speech, consisting of a farrago of Hindoo and Persian dialects, with occasional European interpolations, is as motley as their worship. There are also in the environs of Trebizond and Erzeroum religious communities which profess to be Sunnites, frequent the mosques on Fridays and listen with apparent edification to the reading and interpretation of the Koran by the mollahs; on Sundays, however, they go to the churches, hear mass, confess the divinity of Jesus Christ, and adore the images of the saints. Among the more lettered classes this melange of ideas manifests itself in an extremely particolored philosophical eclecticism. M. de Gobineau does not sympathize with those who regard Mohammedanism as a hindrance to intellectual development. A religion which declares that "the ink of the scholar is more precious than the blood of the martyr," and that in the last judgment each man must give a strict account of the use made of the mental faculties with which he was originally endowed, cannot, he contends, be hostile to the intellectual growth of the race. The high degree of material prosperity and of scientific and literary culture which was fostered under the ensign of the crescent from the seventh to the sixteenth century would seem to indicate that the subsequent decline of the Asiatic nations must be due to some other cause than Islam. A civil and military administration like that which has prevailed in Turkey for the past two hundred and fifty years, the intestine strife and anarchy which the conscription of foreign slaves has made chronic in Egypt, the Afghan invasions which have desolated Persia since 1730, the tyranny of Nadir Shah and the cruelties and ravages that have marked the accession of every monarch even to the present dynasty of the Kadjars, are certainly sufficient to account for the ruin and retrogression of oriental countries without burdening Islam with an unjust responsibility.

In the chapter on Sufism our author alludes to the use of opium and hashish as vehicles of religious sentiment and their influence on philosophical speculation. The Orientals are as fond of physical as they are of moral intoxication. Drunkenness is, indeed, the radical vice of the Asiatics. In spite of sumptuary laws and the positive prohibitions of the Koran, the immoderate indulgence in fermented liquors is universal. Priests as well as princes, the guardians of church and of state, devote their nights to the wassail-bowl. Women, too, of all classes, from the ladies of the palace to the girls of the bazar, have their merry drinking-bouts, which they prolong till after midnight or until the "cold tea," as brandy is euphemistically called, has left them dead drunk on the carpets of the seraglio. It is not because it tickles his palate that the Oriental drinks spirituous liquor; the savor is by no means pleasing to him, and he gulps it down as one would swallow a bitter medicine with grimaces of disgust. It is the bliss of stupefaction that he seeks, and consequently prefers those beverages which produce this effect in the shortest time. There are multitudes of Persian scholars, famous for erudition, eager for knowledge, and with a keen relish for the most refined intellectual pleasures, who, nevertheless, seldom pass a night without intoxication. A very interesting portion of M. de Gobineau's volume is the fifth chapter, in which he gives a serio-comic picture of oriental free-thinkers, a sort of *gens joyeux* who form the "best society" of the large cities and especially of Teheran. Their scepticism, however, is of an extremely intermittent character and alternates with the most abject superstition. They belong to that feeble class of rationalists who fear neither God nor devil, but who live in terrible awe of chance, whose knees smite together at the thought of Friday, and to whom the trials of life would be greatly lessened by erasing Monday from the calendar. The Persian sceptics have an intense admiration for Voltaire (Valater), with whom they have been made acquainted by the Russians. M. de Gobineau gives an amusing account of a conversation with one of these free-thinkers, who described the patriarch of Ferney in the following terms: "Valater was a French writer, but what a man! A real scamp! He used to stroll through the bazars with cap jauntily cocked, shirt unbuttoned, and arms akimbo. He spent his days drinking with the Armenians and his nights elsewhere. He hated worst of all the mollahs and was never weary of tormenting them. They hated him, too, and denounced him to the police; but Valater was as sly as a fox and easily eluded all their snares. In moments of good-humor he composed a quantity of songs which are still read: some are on the unfortunate mollahs whom he cut up cruelly, others praise the wine of the Armenians and the charms of the women whom he was accustomed to visit. Oh! he was a terrible scamp." Such is the great poet, philosopher, and *encyclopediste* of the eighteenth century as he appears to the most intelligent Persians of the present day.

There could be no better illustration of the difficulty of communicating the civilization of the West to the people of the East even when, as in this case, they both belong to the same Aryan stock. The gratuitous distribution of the Bible by the American and British Bible societies at Ispahan is regarded by M. de Gobineau as labor worse than lost. The natives eagerly accept these gifts not from any interest in the text, but solely for the sake of the calfskin covers which they can use to advantage in binding their own books. The translation, too, is so destitute of all elegance and beauty of style as to make the perusal of it almost impossible to an educated Persian, and serves only to render Christianity contemptible. M. de Gobineau's sketch of the prophet Bab and the religion which he founded is the most full and consecutive that we have anywhere seen. It contains all the information necessary to an intelligent appreciation of this important movement concerning which the reader would seek in vain for any knowledge, even in the most recent encyclopedias and theological dictionaries. The rise of a new religion with its attesting miracles and martyrs in the middle of the nineteenth century is an exceedingly curious and instructive phenomenon. Babism is a great historic event and seems destined to exert an influence upon the civilization of the East, and to produce a reformation in Islam analogous to that which Protestantism has effected not only in the Christian church but also in modern culture. Although scarcely a quarter of a century has elapsed since Mirza Ali Mohammed, surnamed the Bab, began to preach and to prophesy in the streets and mosques of Shiraz, and although he himself suffered martyrdom in 1849, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, his doctrines have been disseminated throughout all Persia and many provinces of India, and are at the present moment accepted and professed by millions of adherents, many of whom belong to the best educated and most influential classes of society. In this connection M. de Gobineau describes the Persian theatre and the relations which it bears not only to art but also to religion. The stage in Persia is the most powerful ally of the pulpit, and is employed by the different sects for the propagation of their peculiar ideas. In this respect the Persian drama resembles the medieval mysteries and miracle-plays. The prologue and the epilogue of every piece are prayers, so that the scenic representation always begins with an invocation and ends with a benediction.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.*

ONE of Mr. Browning's earlier poems and one of his simplest and least obscure—as standing unconnected with any of his theories of life or religion, and unconnected too with any of the artificial, arbitrary systems of which his single pieces may perhaps often be parts—is a poem with the story of which the world has long been familiar. A generation or two ago, Schiller, making use of an old tale, sang, so far as Schiller could do singing, of "the lion-garden gate"—as Bulwer translates it—of King Francis, of the knight who made love to a lady of the court as she sat in the gallery above the wild beasts, of how in her levity and hard-heartedness she threw her glove into the arena and challenged her suitor to bring it back as a proof of the devotion of which he talked, of how he descended for it and recovered it, and then how, regaining his place beside her, "straight in her face he flung the glove"—his love being changed into contempt by the revelation of his mistress's true character which the wickedness of her act had suddenly made. This same story Mr. Browning takes as a theme, but it is curious to see that when the Englishman reaches the point where the German makes an end he does not stop, but goes on; rather it may be said that it is at that point that the later poet really makes his beginning. The lion—for Browning has but one—is shown us in lines as sinewy as himself, the fluent knight makes his compliments, the glove is picked up and disposed of as in the vulgar version, and the lady, having been insulted, sits silent amid the scorn of all whose vision goes no further than to the outside of the circumstances; then we are made to listen to her justification; we get a subtle, or at all events a subtilizing, piece of psychological analysis and see the unsuspected side of the case.

What he did in this poem of his younger days the poet has been pretty constantly doing since; in this last work not better but more elaborately and at greater length than ever before. Of so voluminous a writer, of so acute, fertile, and powerful an intellect, of a master so learned in the technic of his craft, of a master so really accomplished in artistic style, whose successes in the mere puzzles and difficulties of his art, much as he delights in them, are nothing in comparison with his really artistic successes, there is of course very much to be said—so much that half a dozen

* "The Ring and the Book, By Robert Browning, A.M.," Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co., 1869.

ordinary critics with their aggregated powers might wisely leave alone the task of exhaustively describing him, as being a greater work than they could well manage. Volumes might be, as volumes have been, written in explication of the hidden meaning of his works, of the religious and philosophic doctrine contained in them, of the author's view of the nature and the uses to mortal and immortal beings of the passion of love, which he has felt and which he seems to have studied enthusiastically and deeply, of the various learning—historical, musical, artistic—with which many of his pieces are stuffed and on which many of them are based, in praise of the vivid truth of his realism, in praise of his passion, and of others of his gifts as a poet. But all these seem to be minor points in the consideration of one who is as a man so fresh and strange. The essential thing about him, what differences him from other poets, seems to be that he is primarily a psychologist, with certain favorite and obtrusive theories as regards religion, life, and love, and with a subtle and intricate mode of expressing himself—we do not speak of the strained prosaicness, the labored conversationalism, of his surface style—which is perfectly in consonance with the depth of his insight into the intricacies and subtleties of human character which he so naturally and so much loves to study and depict.

If this view of the poet were disputed, one might make it seem evident that it is not far out of the way by calling attention to the fact that all, or very nearly all, his poems are dramatic in the sense of offering for our inspection men and women, *dramatis personæ*—the drama being usually in the person, with Mr. Browning for chorus and scene-shifter—and that none of them—even none of those in which he had in view the actual "boards"—is ever dramatic in any other sense. By the way, for light on this point of the undramatic character of our poet, for his undramaticalness except in so far as a poet is dramatic who goes out of himself and into other men sufficiently to paint the feelings of others, compare Luria the Moor—perhaps Browning's very best personage—with Othello the Moor. To leave out the lesser things—which are rather the playwright's than the dramatist's affair—the dramatist, to be truly a dramatist, must possess the power of making his personages people, of giving them objective existence. The Moor of Venice lives a real life of his own; let him enter to us after an absence and we are ready to believe whatever he may say has happened to him or has happened in him; the Moor of Florence, however, must be careful to talk to us in a certain way about certain things, or he will find himself among strangers who have never met him. It is his too exclusive sympathy with psychological investigations into mental and spiritual states that is the reason, we suppose, why our poet, realistic as he is, has failed so almost entirely as a dramatist. But then, in fact, his realism is that of a man who, for the delight that he takes in his own mental operations, loves as well to shape vivid pictures as to observe the movements of other minds. His is the psychological half of the drama; and, rightly considered, his characters are essentially almost as far from having a genuine, human, independent life of their own as are any of the abstractions—the virtues, vices, and passions with Christian and surnames—which constitute the *dramatis personæ* of Joanna Baillie, say, or any other of the dramatic authors, infinitely below Mr. Browning in general power of brain and poetical ability.

As we have already said, Mr. Browning has some favorite theories or beliefs on several of the most important topics which engage human attention. So far as they are religious, they may be perceived with sufficient clearness for the recognition of their existence, if not for the full understanding or acceptance of them, by any one who will read the poems which we may call chiefly religious that lie between "Christmas Eve" and "Rabbi Ben Ezra" at the one extreme and "Bishop Blougram's Apology" at the other. So far as they relate to "the master passion," we may refer the reader, who cares to study rather than read, to the "Men and Women" and to scores of the other shorter pieces. So far as they attempt to account for man's nature and limitations and his destiny, they are here and there

perceptible, perceptible not without difficulty—perceptible, to speak for ourselves, not without aids not supplied very well by the poems themselves—in many of the longer poems especially, and more or less perceptible throughout the whole body of the author's works. But despite all these theories and systems and guesses with which habitually he pleases himself and the like-minded reader—

("'Tis the taught-already that profits by teaching"—)

he is to be described, if we have not misapprehended him, as primarily an intellectual seer, as a psychological analyst of great penetration, too fond of over-refining and altogether too careless of expression, but of wonderful insight, and with more power of synthesizing the results of his analysis, of putting them realistically before us, clothing them with the flesh of living people, in their habit as they lived, and putting them amid their proper surroundings, than any other poet who has ever devoted himself to the study of moods of mind and shades of character as distinguished from minds and from whole characters—from human nature, in short, as it really lives and moves and has its being.

His skill in reproducing the external life and surroundings of his characters is seen at its very best—so they say who know—when his scenes and personages are Italian or mediæval. Landor used to say that in mediæval matters Browning was sure never to go wrong, never to be out of keeping or to strike a false note. Thinking of "My Last Duchess," and "Holy Thursday," and the "Spanish Cloister," and the "Tomb in St. Praxed's Church," one is ready to agree with the more competent critics that this praise is most thoroughly deserved. In "The Ring and the Book," then, we may say that Mr. Browning is on his chosen ground, the time being centuries ago, and the place being Rome. A murder has happened; a husband, an elderly man, has had his wife assassinated, as he says, because she was unfaithful and fled from him in company with her paramour, a priest; as the priest says, because she was worn out by the husband's cold-blooded tyranny and treachery; as half Rome says, because she deserved death for intriguing with the priest; as the other half Rome says, because her husband was a jealous scoundrel, unworthy of her—and so on. Over and over, and over again, till the crime and the relations of the parties to it, and their own and others' opinions of it, have been looked at from every point of view, Mr. Browning intends, he says, to tell the story. This, it will be seen, is but an expansion of his familiar method. In the volume before us, which contains two volumes of the English edition, the work is but half done, and another volume will follow. Why not three more, there is no very obvious reason. It is indeed the fault of this subtlety that, once begun, there is practically no necessary end to it. When the art is not to perfect a jewel but to cut facets, the artist may work at any length. It is a sort of art that fascinates those who have once formed a taste for it; but if it is likely to call forth exaggerated admiration, and to make the simplicity of really great works seem tame, and, after the first neglect and contempt are weathered, to be estimated at far too high a rate, it is also, when practised by a master, admirable and profitable. As for this particular specimen of it, we feel it will be as well to speak of it when it is completed, and meantime to commend it to all lovers of poetry as the work of a masculine intellect and spirit, and of a trained workman whose methods are worth close study.

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